

THE STAR ABOVE ALL!

LORDOMAT C35

Sole Agents: GILMANS

CHINA MAIL

No. 37099

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

RELAX IN **DAKS**

THE HANDEST COMFORT IN ACTION TROUSERS

Whiteaways

HONGKONG & KOWLOON

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Traffic Safety

THE Traffic Safety Week campaign starts on Monday and from what was revealed by Mr. A. Morrison, Senior Superintendent of Traffic, on Thursday, it will be on a large scale, possibly larger than any previous campaign.

Mr. Morrison has for years battled with the little gremlins that seem to snarl up our traffic at times, and it is to his and his subordinates' credit that much has been done.

This present campaign is the beginning of a move to educate the public—both pedestrian and motorist—on traffic manners, which the majority of the general public rarely practise.

Mr. Morrison does not expect the public to be educated overnight, nor does he expect success in a year, but he has adopted the right attitude to the problem by saying that "at least we will keep trying."

Zebra Crossings

MR Zebra is to be introduced to the public on Monday. Although the zebra crossing has been with us for some time now, the majority of the general public does not use it to the extent that they should. When they were first introduced, the Traffic Department conducted a small campaign to inform people of their use, but their popularity was short-lived, except where they were controlled by policemen.

Mr. Morrison warned that after this campaign, "We will start prosecuting in a big way." The Police up to the present seem to have been very lenient with the Colony's jay-walkers, who in the majority of cases are the worst offenders on the roads.

But the pedestrians are not always to blame, for there are some motorists who still consider the Colony's roads as their own private speedway and completely disregard the pedestrian crossings.

One way of educating the public is by a campaign; another is by prosecution. A combination of both might in time reduce Mr. Morrison's traffic gremlins to manageable proportions, and though he may never get rid of them entirely, any improvement will be highly welcomed by all.

UK SENDS TROOPS TO LAHEJ

Acting Sultan Wants To Protect Border

Aden, July 11. Britain is sending reinforcements to guard Lahej, biggest of the western Aden protectorate states, against outside attack, it was announced here today.

Bishop Koh Praises UK Attitude

London, July 11. The Right Reverend Roland Peck-Chiang Koh, Assistant Bishop of Singapore, said here today that in Singapore and Malaya the races respect one another.

He is here for the Lambeth Conference of Anglican bishops and he was speaking to Reuters as the conference adjourned for the weekend.

"There is a growing affection between all the races, especially when they come together in the churches," he said.

CONSTITUTION

He added that "as an Asian I can say we are very impressed by the British attitude towards the new constitution in Singapore and Malaya."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, has warned the bishops not to discuss outside Lambeth Palace what goes on during the talks.

He is anxious that the eventual "message to the world," due to be published about a fortnight after the conference ends on August 10 shall not be anticipated.—Reuters.

Conference

Geneva, July 11. Top Western and Communist scientists at a three-hour private meeting here today continued their highly specialised examination of the method of "detecting nuclear explosions by radioactive products."

Sir William Penney, "father" of Britain's nuclear weapons, who initiated the discussion on this controversial topic at last Wednesday's meeting, presided at today's session.—Reuters.

A RARE DISTINCTION

Promotion For Massu: Award For Salan

Paris, July 11. The French Government today promoted General Jacques Massu, paratroop commander who headed the Committee of Public Safety set up in Algiers last May.

The formation of the committee was the first step in the movement which brought General de Gaulle to power as Prime Minister of France.

THREE-STAR General Massu becomes a three-star general of a division.

He was previously a two-star brigade general. The government also awarded the Military Medal (Medaille Militaire) to General Raoul Salan, Commander-in-Chief in Algeria and General de Gaulle's Delegate-General. Medaille Militaire is an award usually given to soldiers and non-commissioned officers for valour. It is considered a rare distinction when it is awarded to a general.—Reuters.

Robeson Refuses To Say He's Communist

London, July 11. The American negro singer Paul Robeson today refused to reply to repeated questions by journalists as to whether he is a Communist.

He told a press conference, organised shortly after his arrival from the United States, "I know you are friendly, but this is the essence of our constitutional rights. I stand as my right not to answer. I could ask you the same question, and you don't have to answer."

The singer's wife remarked, "It does in our country, and it is not a friendly question."—France-Press.



JACQUES MASSU

ASIAN NATIONS WANT JAPANESE ECONOMIC AID

Tokyo, July 11. South-East Asian nations want more Japanese economic aid but not economic co-operation on a purely commercial basis, Mr. Shintaro Shibusawa, Japanese Ambassador in Thailand, said here today.

The Ambassador, now in Tokyo for a meeting of Japanese diplomats said this country would do well to aid in the construction of fishery bases and power plants in South-East Asia.

COULD ASSIST Speaking to correspondents, Mr. Shibusawa said there were many other projects Japan could assist in but the government or private industrial groups should understand that the newly independent nations of Asia were not prepared to accept Japan's economic domination.

Neither should Japan expect to reap huge profits from the area if she is given the chance to co-operate in South-East Asia development, the Ambassador said.—Reuters.

U.S. DEMANDS PUNISHMENT

Murphy Reads 'Riot Act' To Soviet Envoy

By STEWART HENSLEY

Washington, July 11. The United States tonight strongly protested against Russia's action in shooting down an unarmed U.S. transport plane over Soviet Armenia on June 27 and demanded punishment of the Communist fliers involved.

The note, handed to the Soviet Ambassador, Mikhail A. Menchikov, by the Under-Secretary of State, Robert Murphy, also protested against the mauling of five of the nine crew members who parachuted from their burning plane. It said they "were brutally mistreated by the populace upon landing."

BLUNTLY INFORMED The United States bluntly informed Russia it was reserving the right to demand full compensation for the destroyed plane and damages to the crewmen for any injuries they suffered.

The United States also renewed its demand that the Soviet Union act "without further delay" to release nine other American servicemen who have been held in East Germany since their helicopter strayed across the Iron Curtain on June 7.

There was no formal note on this subject, but Mr. Murphy, during an hour-long session with the Soviet Ambassador, read him the "Riot Act" concerning Russia's responsibility to return the soldiers at once. Mr. Murphy said Russia must stop hiding behind the pretence that the puppet Communist regime of East Germany, which this country does not recognise, was the proper authority to handle the matter.—U.P.I.

Foot's Appeal

Nicosia, July 11. Sir Hugh Foot, Governor of Cyprus, issued a statement tonight appealing to Cypriot Greeks and Turks to forget the past and make a new start to rid the island of violence.

"No one believes that brutal senseless shooting, bombing and burning can solve anything or help anyone," the Governor declared.—Reuters.

Shah Of Iran In A Crash

Naples, July 11. The yacht carrying the Shah of Iran back to Naples from a brief visit to the island of Ichia collided with and sank a fishing boat tonight.

The collision occurred as the yacht Sereno, lent to the Shah by a wealthy Italian publisher and industrialist, was sailing out of the small harbour.

The yacht suffered only slight damage but the shock sank the fishing boat.

Boat Sunk

A crowd of tourists and inhabitants watched the collision. Within minutes all immediately available boats had left their moorings to rescue the crew of the sunken boat.

First reports said the Shah's yacht did not appear badly damaged. An official at the Port Office said the yacht was able to continue its journey to Naples.

Later eye-witnesses said the yacht struck the front of the 50-ton boat called Sentinella on the left side, at the entrance of the harbour.

The Sentinella had a crew of seven men commanded by Captain Forlido Caramanna. All were rescued. The boat carried a cargo of gravel.—U.P.I.

Release People

Havana, July 11. Cuban rebels today released the last of 20 North American civilians they kidnapped last month.

They still hold 29 American sailors from the U.S. Navy base at Guantanamo.—Reuters.

Queen Still Has Temperature

London, July 11. The condition of Queen Elizabeth—suffering from catarrhal sinusitis—is continuing to improve, it was learned at Buckingham Palace tonight.

But her temperature is still not normal and she is remaining in bed. Princess Margaret who flies to Canada later tonight had tea with her sister.—Reuters.

CYPRUS PAPERS THREATEN TO CLOSE DOWN

Nicosia, July 11. All Cyprus-Greek and English language daily and weekly papers today decided to close down for eight days in protest against the law under which the editor of the Greek paper Eleftheria was imprisoned today.

The newspaper proprietors said that if the editor, George Hadjilicolaou, is not released within eight days, the closure will continue indefinitely.

They also sent protests against the closing of the editor to the United Nations, Unesco, various international press organisations, to the Greek Government, Archbishop Makarios and others.

Hadjilicolaou was sentenced to six months in prison for refusing to sign a bond, under which he wrote articles taking the Government's side, which the Government considered "likely to disturb public tranquillity."—France-Press.

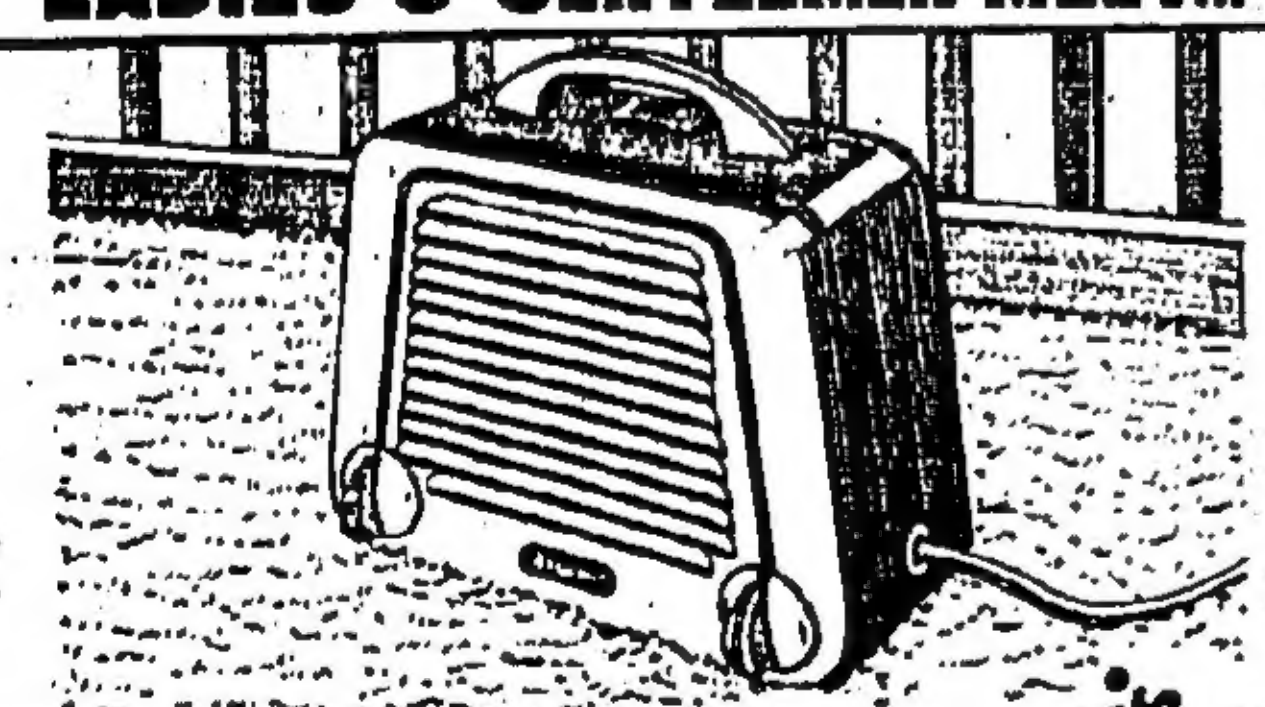
Parties Merge

Saigon, July 11. The two major political parties of South Vietnam merged today, the Vietnam Press Agency reported.

They are the National Revolutionary Movement (a "People's Party"), and the Vietnamese Citizens Assembly (a Catholic group).

The joint body will bear the old name, National Revolutionary Movement, the Agency said.—Reuters.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN MEET...



The Kenwood Activair Fan Heater

- NO OTHER HEATER HAS ALL THREE DAZZLING POINTS:
- Fast warming on cooling.
 - Heat/cool positions (3 heat, 3 cool, 100% for even effect heater).
 - Radiator—cool effect heater—heat in blue, green, gold and red—no match or band with any furnishing scheme.
 - So light a child can carry it.
 - The only air-circulator with the Unique Air-Filter Cell (removes the dust) in which can be located.
 - A pad of cotton wool sealed to the back of the heater—no dust, no lint, no hair—no mess in the room.
 - In tough, steel case—a thermally insulated heater case at all temperatures. An automatic switch-off operates if heater is tipped over.
 - Comforting warm glow, does double duty—1975 when the heat is on, makes the heater look as warm as a bath.

Reservations and Sales—**EEC** SHOWROOMS: ALEXANDRA HOUSE ARCADE TEL. 30151

RESERVE YOURS NOW AT OFF-SEASON PRICES!

DOING IT THE PIONEER WAY

GRANDMA GATEWOOD TO GO FOR A WALK—350 MILES LONG

New York, July 11. A 70-YEAR-OLD grandmother was expected to cross the Kittatinny Mountain Range near Stokes State Forest in New Jersey today on her trial walk to Massachusetts, 350 miles away.

Spirited Mrs Emma "Grandma" Gatewood, of Gallipolis, Ohio, is hiking along the Appalachian Trail, pioneer-style, with North Adams, Massachusetts,

her destination. She started on June 23, from Pennsylvania, and strode into this resort at Blue Mountain Lakes yesterday, still full of pep.

"I thought the best way to get there would be just to walk," she explained.

The farm-reared woman said she began the trip in comparative luxury, with a bus from Pittsburgh to Hartsburg.

"I don't like walking on highways and hopping on and off

to get away from cars," she said. But in Duncannon, Pennsylvania, she picked up the trail by foot. And she may return to buses on and off before she reaches North Adams, Mrs Gatewood said.

Carrying a 20-pound bag of spare clothes on her shoulder and gripping a walking stick, Mrs Gatewood will push across the Kittatinny Mountain

Range to Sunrise Mountain in Stokes Forest. Then, on to New York and Massachusetts.

The trip isn't really so difficult, Mrs Gatewood said. After all, she had already hiked the 2,028-mile length of the Appalachian trail twice from Georgia to Maine.

"I figure the trip will take me about 25 days to walk," Mrs Gatewood said. "I average about 14 miles a day."—U.P.I.

EUROPE

ROME

DUSSELDORF

GENEVA

PARIS

✱ Flight every Sunday & Wednesday.

✱ SUPER-G CONSTITUTION Speed & Radar controls.

AIR-INDIA

✱ Choice of First & Tourist class.

✱ Every First class seat a SLUMBERETTE.

CALDBECK'S

QUARTER HOUR

featuring the cases of

"INSPECTOR WEST"

COMMENCES JULY 14th

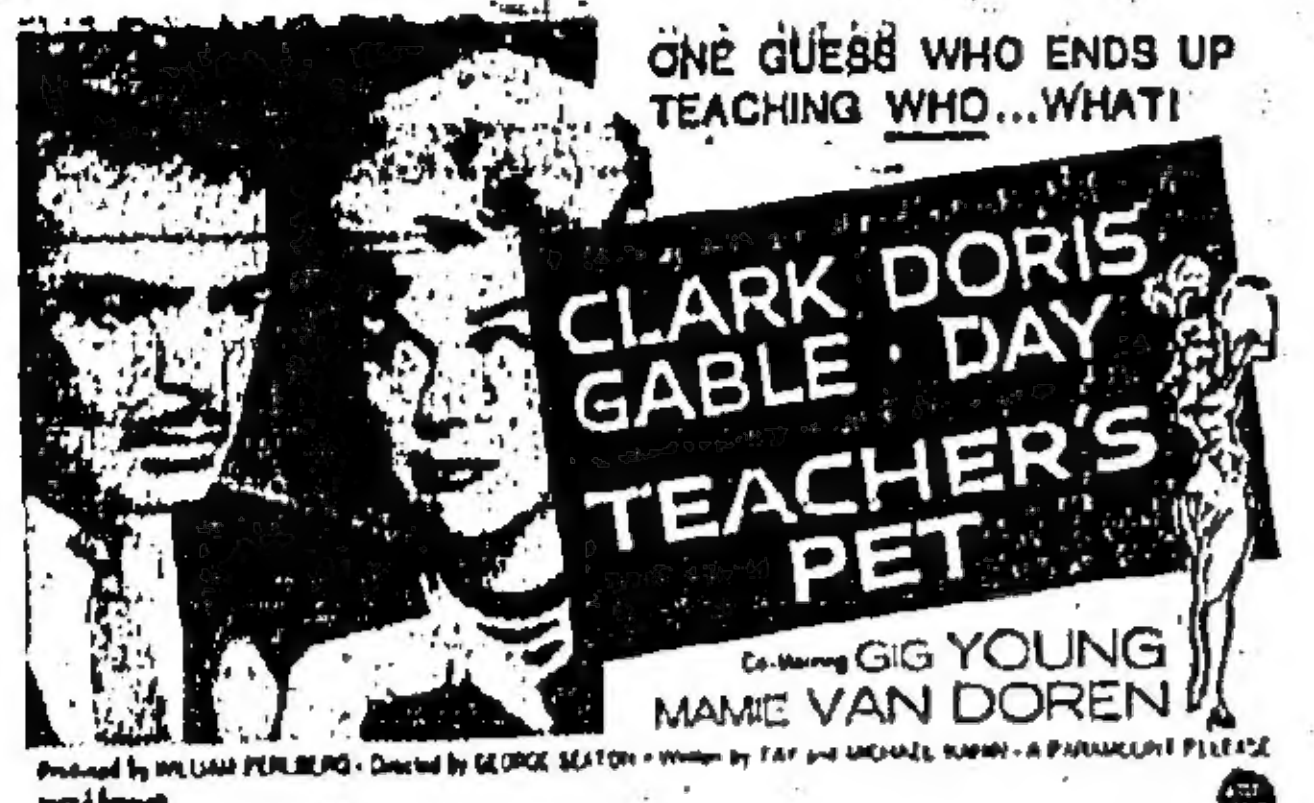
OVER REDIFFUSION

Monday through Friday

7.00 p.m. to 7.15 p.m.

KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY

TO-MORROW AT 11.00 a.m.
EXTRA MORNING SHOWColumbia presents a Variety Programme of
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS & THE THREE STOOGES
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS WEEK-END MORNING SHOWS

To-day at 12.30 p.m. U.A. present
Robert Ryan — Aldo Ray in
"MEN IN WAR"To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. U-I presents
"WOODY WOODPECKER" TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Variety ProgrammeTo-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Paramount presents
Winner of 4 Academy Awards
Humphrey Bogart — Audrey Hepburn — William Holden
in "SABRINA"
Produced & Directed by Billy Wilder

Admission: 70 Cts., \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED
STAR METROPOLERETURN ENGAGEMENT TO-DAY
BY POPULAR DEMAND
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.BOOK EARLY!
METROPOLE: To-morrow Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONSAt 12.30 p.m. 20th Century-Fox presents
In CinemaScope & Color

"THE PROUD ONES"

Starring: Robert RYAN • Virginia MAYO

At Reduced Prices

COMING!



CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30 P.M.

Stanley Kramer

A KNOCKOUT OF A MOVIE!

KIRK DOUGLAS

CHAMPION

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 p.m.
"COLOR CARTOONS
& 3 STOOGES"SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.The Battle Cry
Story of The
American
Commandos!

JAMES GARRER

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
Brightly Rarid in
"NERO'S WEEK-ENDS"FILMS Current and Coming
by Lucy Downing

BEAUTY of a different type from the current Hollywood mould, and handsome actors unknown to the average filmgoer: can be seen in the historical film of ancient Greece showing at the Lee and Astor.

"Frine, Courtesan of Orient" which possibly should read "Frine, Courtesan of Athens", this Zeus-film production with English subtitles depicts fourth century B.C. incidents arising from the sacrilegious theft of a jewelled bracelet from the statue of the Goddess Demetra in Thebes.

Listening to the voluble Italian dialogue which added to the atmosphere of going back in time to witness fragments of a civilisation in which I should not have understood the language anyway, I felt rather cheated when the English subtitles were cut off by the lower edge of the screen. Throughout most of the first half only the top line of the subtitles were visible. It would help if this were adjusted in subsequent performances.

The title role as played by Elena Kleus brought a refreshing grace and poise to a part which could have been ruined by the hip-wiggling self-conscious hulk of some Hollywood starlet, with bosom rising and falling.

There was a lesson youth in her Frine. She could stand with the immortal dignity of a Greek statue. In the scene where she is stripped in the outdoor court of justice it is understandable that the populace might regard her as a goddess. Nevertheless the reason for the uncovering of the beautiful courtesan remains a little obscure because, most probably because I do not understand Italian.

Pierre Cressoy as the fine orator Iperides whose love for Frine overrules all other considerations, is also a joy to the eye in physique and bearing.

The story opens with the planting of the stolen bracelet in the garden of a noble family in Thebes where Aphra (later Frine) like a young Diana is practising archery. Her parents, wrongfully accused for political reasons are burnt at the stake. Aphra is defended by a gallant soldier who dies trying to save her, but she is sold into slavery. She is purchased by the speculative Lamachus who is

responsible for making her Frine, the courtesan, whose name becomes legendary throughout Greece. She swears she will use her beauty to crush the rich tyrants and accumulate wealth and power. A young orator, Iperides, declares his love for Frine, whose heart is troubled and when she accepts his offer of marriage he sacrifices his wealth, dignity and honour to win the fabulous beauty.

Concerned by Iperides' passionate obsession, Praxiteles, the sculptor, intervenes, but he too is fascinated by the courtesan's exceptional beauty. He destroys the statue of Venus he was modelling from his mistress Criside who wields great power in Athens and begins another with Frine as model.

The anger of Iperides and the jealous hatred of Criside is drawn upon Frine, who has offered money sufficient to rebuild the walls of Thebes to the public's delight. The Senate accept the generous offer but specify the humiliating condition that Frine's name shall not be carved upon the walls. Lamachus breaks with Frine at this juncture. They plot together to induce Frine to appear as a goddess during the celebrations in honour of the Eleusinian Mysteries.

During these ancient rites, beautiful figures of the deities appeared to the eye (or the mental vision of the initiated) of which the paramount divine personalities were the mother and daughter figures, Demetra and Kore. Kore was known as Persephone elsewhere, but never so styled in the official language of Eleusis.

Frine is arrested after her appearance in the place considered sacred and imprisoned. Iperides comes forward in her defence, speaks of the unbelieve beauty of the woman before them and of the jealous plot laid to harm her.

The courtesan is vindicated by the clamorous multitude and released.

A newspaper story that newsmen can enjoy must above all things be authentic. "Teacher's Pet" showing at the King's and Princess this weekend has realism, authenticity, talent and entertainment value of a high standard.

Also it has Doris Day and Clark Gable. One teaches journalism to adult night-school classes. The other is a city editor who came up the hard way and doesn't let his staff forget it.

Having declined to lecture to the class of would-be journalists, the editor receives his publisher's order to attend. He arrives in time to hear the teacher denouncing his letter of refusal and pronouncing upon education.

Embarrassed and annoyed, the editor pretends to be a new pupil. He avails the chance to delight the teacher's ego with recitations, the pretty professor arouses his reluctant admiration. To attract her attention

he does a brilliant piece of copy-writing which is read out to the class.

(By this time the film has secured the viewer's interest and it is possible to sit back and enjoy the film as a jolly good entertainment, which it is with a few twists and unusual angles to keep the plot flowing without any sticky patches).

Editor Gannoh does not make much progress after his initial victory. Teacher Erica is only interested in him as a potential journalist. The man in her life is Dr Hugo Pine—a fascinating character study by good-looking Gig Young.

Despite constant brush-offs by Erica's capable secretary, Gannoh identifies Pine, psychologist, author and scholar, and is shaken by the brilliance of the young man's words.

Seeking diversion from a situation which baffles him, Gannoh drinks in the company of glamorous Mamie Van Doren playing a night-club entertainer, Peggy DeFore. He is intrigued to see Erica enter the club with Dr Pine and invites himself to the table. Outwitted at every turn with charm, good-breeding and knowledge, Gannoh searches into his prodigious experiences to cap Pine's capabilities just once.

The psychologist's education and travels are such that he can converse with African bongo players in drum language or dance a mean mambo with

modest skill. Furious with frustration, Gannoh decides to drink his adversary under the table. Bedraggled and battered himself, the editor finally sees the egotist peer out from a light. Gannoh makes a little more progress in his romantic pursuit until Erica accidentally discovers his real identity. Erica is disillusioned and scolding about his contempt for education when she bids him goodbye.

By now, Gannoh is deeply in love and so confused that he seeks advice from the amiable Hugo who, after the hangover, appears to be able to cope with any difficulty. Hugo tries to rebuild Gannoh's self-confidence, and to play upon Erica's sympathies for the despondent editor.

Then Gannoh barrels in like a bull in a china shop. He has found copies of a country newspaper which Erica's father edited and which won a Pulitzer Prize. He criticises leaders and copy as outdated, gossip and small-town, and challenges Erica to compare them with his paper and give credit to his modern, though uneducated, journalism. Angry Erica tries to prove him wrong, but in all honesty she admits failure, after reading one of her father's own maxims. Meanwhile Gannoh has discovered that one of his best reporters is a former pupil of Erica's. You will guess the sequel but you'll still enjoy seeing that how all ends well.

(Contd. on Page 3, Col. 6)

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Bravados." An unusual Western splendidly played by Gregory Peck, an avenger who takes the law into his own hands and finally finds it hard to forgive himself.

Joan Collins, and Stephen Boyd, head a strong supporting cast. De Luxe Colour and CinemaScope. 20th Century Fox film for adult entertainment.

HOOVER & LIBERTY: "The Sheepman." Glenn Ford the stranger with the gun, a man with a name to live down, as a sheepman in cattle country. With Shirley MacLaine and Mickey Shaughnessy. Fox's new humour is still as evident as in "Don't Go Near the Water" and "The Teahouse of the August Moon." Filmed in CinemaScope and Metrocolor in Color and the Star Line production.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Hollywood Brand." Another Western, this time in black and white. Featuring Joseph Cotton and Betsy Blair (of "Marty"). A hard-boiled sheriff whose dedication of his children entrains them and embitters him. Told in flashback from a death-bed scene in which the father, who is still alive, is a frustrated apostle, longs for his son's return.

The story reveals the daughter's early love for a half-breed Indian, the father's disapproval and his callous disregard when the film, and another child actress Terry Ann Rice, a Virginia and Andrew Stone production.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "Sierra Baron." Thrilling historical Western starring Rick Jason as the Spanish owner of the Principessa grant of land in California in the early pioneer days. Beautiful scenery and stirring action with colourful Spanish interiors and rich costumes.

Covered wagon settlements and their hardships in the desert, sanctuary in the Principessa range and gold-miners and land-grabbers activities are included in this panoramic film of Twentieth-Century Fox.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Touch of Evil." Orson Welles, Janet Leigh and Charlton Heston in an international crisis in a border town between the United States and Mexico. High explosive and narcotics, murder and sinister-figures are ingredients in the Universal film which is full of surprises.

Joseph Calleia and Akim Tamiroff in supporting roles. Quies story, Marlene Dietrich and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Based on the novel "Dance of Evil." Produced by Albert Zugmuth.

LEE & ASTOR: "Typhoon over Nagasaki." Colourful French film of upheavals, mental and physical, in Japan. Starring Danielle Darrieux, Jean Marais and Zsa Zsa Gabor. Filmed in Technicolor. English subtitles. Directed by Yves Clampf.

Indian is mobbed and lynched. The son goes off in disgust. United Artists distribution.

LEE & ASTOR: "Frine, Courtesan of Orient." Zeus film production with English subtitles. Featuring Elena Kleus, Pierre Cressoy and Tamara Lees.

A colourful story of historical record from the fourth century B.C. concerning incidents arising from the sacrilegious theft of jewels from the statue of the Goddess Demetra in Thebes. The crime is attributed to the parents of Aphra. They are condemned to the stake and she to slavery. Aphra is bought on the slave market and becomes Frine, the Courtesan whose name becomes legendary throughout Greece.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "Teacher's Pet." Best type of American comedy starring Clark Gable and Doris Day, together for the first time and we hope not the last. Gable as the New York Chronicle's hard-boiled city editor is first of all infuriated by Day as a teacher in modern journalism and then fascinated by her feminine charm and sincere dedication to her vocation. Splendid supporting performances by Gig Young, handsome professor, and Mamie Van Doren, another blonde bombshell. Produced by William Perleberg and directed by George Seaton. Excellent entertainment.

COMING

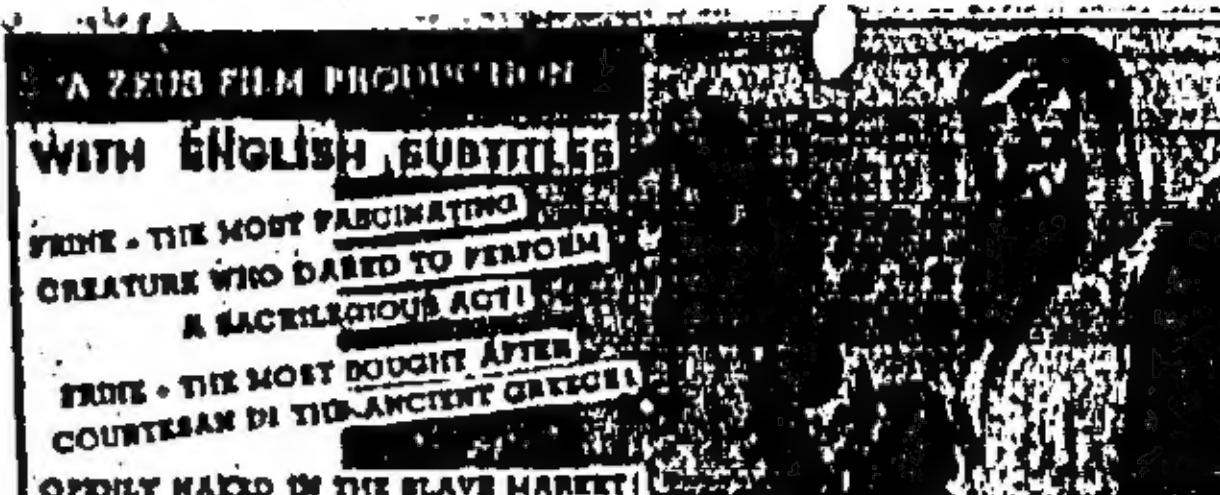
KING'S & PRINCESS: "A Tale of Two Cities." Dickens' exciting story brought to the screen again and better than ever. Dirk Bogarde as Sydney Carton; Dorothy Tutin as Lucie Manette; and Cecil Parker as Jarvis Lorry. Introducing 17-year-old Partisan, Marie Versini and starring Stephen Murray.

Dramatizing scenes of the Revolution, the struggle of the Bastille and the tumultuous rumbling along to the Guillotine, interspersed with tranquil scenes of the French countryside and peaceful interludes in England. A.J. Arthur, film production. Screenplay by T.E.B. Clarke, produced by Betty B. Box and directed by Ralph Thomas. Romantic and exciting entertainment.

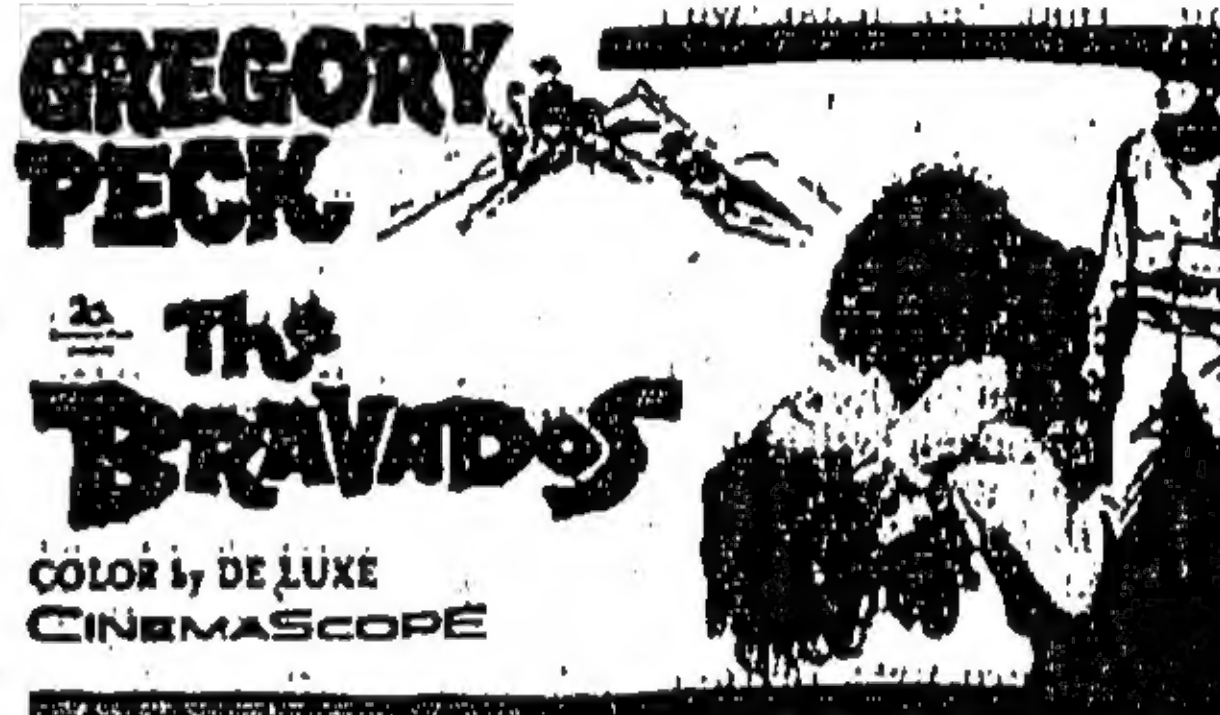
HOOVER & LIBERTY: "Cry Terror." James Mason in a suspense film with Rod Taylor and Inger Stevens. Story of a television repairman involved in this week's manufacture as a suspected spy project. He is duped and double-crossed, kidnapped and held as a cover by the extortioner. His wife and child are saved for his purpose of collecting extortion payment with mounting tension.

Even a well-documented guard comes into the picture and has to be slain. The F.B.I. agents are at work, hunting down the villain of the piece and Mason bravely escapes death while chasing his captor. Directed by the precocious daughter of James Mason, she is part in

Lee & Astor

SHOWING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.FRINE
COURTESAN OF ORIENT
ELENA KLEUS PIERRE CRESSOY TAMARA LEESMORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE
At 12.00 noon
TOM & JERRY
TECHNICOLOR
CARTOONS
From M-C-M
ASTOR THEATRE
At 11.00 a.m.
"PETER PAN"
At 12.30 p.m.
"THE WIZARD OF OZ"

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
LOOK FOR THE FINEST PICTURE
YOU EVER HOPE TO SEE!Co-starring: Joan COLLINS • Stephen BOYD
Albert SALMIROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow
Extra Performance of "THE BRAVADOS"

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon | BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.Walt Disney's "THE VANISHING PRAIRIE"
In Technicolor
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER & LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72571 KOWLOON TEL 6044, 6044B

NOW PLAYING

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
AN OUTSTANDING WESTERN COMEDY-MELODRAMA!

GLENN FORD SHIRLEY MACLAINE

They called him the
STRANGER WITH A GUN

THE SHEEPMAN

LESLIE NIELSEN • MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY
IN CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR

5 SHOWS TO-MORROW 5

Hoover Theatre tickets are obtainable at the
Clouetour Arcade, 18A Des Voeux Road, Central

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30
& 9.30

SADDLE THE WIND

ROBERT TAYLOR • JUNE LONDON
JOHN CASSIDYMORNING SHOW
To-morrow 12.30
"MONEY FROM HOME"SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
AT 12.30 P.M.
"GOLD RUSH"

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

'Miracle Drug' Was Good After All

BANKER FLEES AFTER GOING BANKRUPT Cured Rheumatism

By ERNEST SAKLER

A SWISS couple peddled the "miracle drug" to a Genoa banker with the assurance that they had received its formula "directly from God." The banker invested his bank's money in it, went bankrupt and fled.

Rome.

Now, the Italian Government's High Commission for Health has decreed that the drug was good after all.

That is the puzzling story of banker Marquis Gianetto de Cavi and the Algaol T. 331 drug. Italians are waiting curiously to see what happens next.

Genoese Noble

It all started in 1948 when a Swiss couple named Pedrol-Sollinas went to see De Cavi, Scion of an old Genoese noble family and owner of a bank, a newspaper and several industrial firms. They offered him the formula of a "miracle drug" called algaol and made out of algae, hormones and antibiotics.

An arrest warrant against De Cavi issued six years later said the couple told De Cavi "that they obtained the formula directly from God in the course of supernatural communications."

The Swiss couple also sought proselytes for a "lay congregation of missionary married persons" which they had founded. Giuseppe Cardinal Siri in 1952 publicly warned them against continuing their propaganda without approval from church authorities and against connecting their medicine explicitly or implicitly with facts of a spiritual or supernatural order.

Skepticism

When De Cavi agreed to produce the "miracle drug" on a large scale, a wave of skepticism spread among the Genoese, known throughout Italy for their love of sound investments.

Many depositors withdrew their money from De Cavi's bank. He went bankrupt with an insolvency of 363,000,000 lire (US\$380,000).

Penal charges were brought against him for fraudulent bankruptcy and an arrest warrant was issued. Marquis de Cavi vanished before police could lay hands on him.

The arrest warrant said De Cavi had spent 91,493,000 lire (US\$140,380) on a brand-new pharmaceutical factory for production of the drug.

85 Per Cent

The case appeared over until early May this year when news leaked out to the press that the High Commission for Health had authorized production of algaol.

The commission made its decision after receiving a report from Prof. Tommaso Lucchini of Rome University. The press quoted Lucchini's report as saying algaol was a "non-toxic drug, perfectly tolerated and capable of carrying out a beneficial action on the general and local phenomena of rheumatic diseases."

Prof. Lucchini was quoted as saying that algaol proved useful in more than 85 per cent of cases. Marquis Annalisa de Cavi told newsmen that her husband may now soon come out of hiding and stand trial. She said he planned to turn over any profits from the drug to his creditors.—U.P.I.

Miss Susie Owed Tax

ALL SHE HAD TO SAY WAS 'WOOF! WOOF!'

Newspaper. Britain's tax collectors tracked down Miss Susie and demanded £30 in back taxes. They refused the tax demand with the usual reply: "My dog is a tax collector." She has been a tax collector for ten years and never paid a penny tax in her life. And she is not going to pay now.

Her only comment before she faced the tax-lights here last week was "woof woof." For Miss Susie is a lady dog. Miss Susie's owner and partner in the act, Miss Russell, was just as indignant as his dog. Russell said, "Two already paid full tax on the act—for both of us." This country's tax laws are in the dog's.—U.P.I.

IS THIS GOOD ENOUGH?



ALTHOUGH he is only eight-years-old, Ossy Hoppe is fast learning the art of elephant training, at the Circus Busch in Munich. Proof of his progress is shown by the obedience displayed by the elephant.—Keystone.

COLONIES OF FIGHTING ANTS TO BATTLE CATERPILLARS

By DANIEL F. GILMORE

Rome.

BATTLE lines were drawn between millions of crawling caterpillars and a forming falanx of fighting ants.

A Hopeless Love Was His Downfall

London.

THIS is the story of a crook, "Perky" Bill Smith, and how love led to his downfall.

Smith had a hopeless love for blonde Krithia Edwards, a ticket-taker aboard London's red double-decker buses.

He knew that Krithia's husband was the bus driver on her bus. But that did not stop him. He would ride on her bus day after day.

He tried to give Krithia presents, but she would not take them. Finally, he left a £235 ring on the bus for her. She promptly took it to police.

Police discovered it was stolen and picked up Perky Bill Smith. He was given a two-year sentence for receiving stolen goods.—U.P.I.

Insect Veterans

They are due on Monte Sacro tomorrow evening. "Insect" veterans of the campaign of the Argentine Pavers in 1932 and battles going back to the Swiss frontier in 1945 were confident.

"We must see them work," one expert said of the ants. "It is not brutal but a ballet in struggle."

"Teamwork. One ant is 1/20th the size of a caterpillar."

"Three attack it. Four more join in. There is no repulse."

The experts calculate that the two colonies of fighter ants scourge from the north can accommodate 200,000 caterpillars per day. Three or four days should suffice, they say.—U.P.I.

Red Secret Policemen Who Were Burglars

Vienna.

CRIME NOTE: Clover Hungarian criminals are disguising themselves as secret policemen in order to get away with burglary.

Budapest revealed this in a routine news broadcast, announcing that sentences against a gang of what is called "gentlemen burglars."

The gang would arrive at a house and identify itself as a squad from the dread secret police. Then it would search the house.

COWERED

Occupants cowered out of sight, well aware of what happens to people who get in the way of the Red police. Budapest radio said they "stole cash and jewels of great value."

Communist law still caught up with them, the broadcast said. Leader Gera Kovacs, 29, was sentenced to 11 years imprisonment along with his deputy Ferenc Csaky, 40, Sandor Villam, 44, and Ferenc Klatyul both got ten years.—U. P. I.

London.

The Duke of Rutland's hounds met at Melton Mowbray—but the hunt was abandoned because of fog. There was a "kill" though. A dead fox was found when it had been run over.

Dolly The 'Gaol-Bird' Will Be Freed

London.

DOLLY the gaol-bird, who was born behind bars, will become as free as a—pardon the expression—bird on Monday.

Dolly is a jackdaw. Her claim to fame is that convict Brian Harris hatched her from an egg with the warmth of his body while he was serving a seven-year stretch at Dartmoor prison. Harris was released in January, 13 months after Dolly came out of her shell. He took Dolly "out" with him.

RAN AFOL

But then Harris ran afoul of the law again. He was handed another sentence, this time of eight years, for burglary.

The convict sought permission to take Dolly back behind bars with him, but prison authorities said no. They said they were running a prison, not an aviary. So Dolly was handed over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which sent her to a private home.

Then love complicated matters.

LOVE CAME

Dolly met Jacko, a wild male jackdaw, who was found injured in the London area some weeks ago. They cooed in unison.

But love between birds turned Dolly away from her former tame habits. She pecked at the human shoulders on which she once perched happily.

She now flies around, showing off for Jacko who is being kept in a cage until he fully recovers. On Monday, an SPCA ambulance will take Dolly and Jacko to a birds' sanctuary, where they'll be released.—U.P.I.

FILMS CONTINUED

(Continued from Page 2)

REVENGE, ruthless and inexorable, which disintegrates into remorse, is the theme of the thrilling story "The Bravados".... one of the most thoughtfully-made Westerns to come to the screen, showing at the Roxy and Broadway this weekend.

Into a quiet Mexican town, picturequely surrounded by the snow-capped Injerto Mountains rides a grim-faced stranger, anxious to see four men held in jail for a bank robbery and killing.

The townsfolk of Rio Arriba are intrigued that a man should have ridden so hard and far to see a hanging, and especially Josefa Velarde (Joan Collins) who recognizes Jim Douglas (Gregory Peck) a former sweetheart.

The creation of the gallows goes on outside the jail and the executioner is awaited by armed guards who watch the approaches to the now-no-longer-so-quiet town.

Douglas is admitted into the jail and looks at the prisoners in silence. In the hotel later he meets the tubby executioner but does not wish to drink with him.

The devout townsfolk go to church in the evening for a special festival and with them go the local storekeeper, his attractive daughter and her aunt. Although reluctant, Douglas is induced to attend the service watched by the puzzled Josefa.

Having forgotten her purse for salvaging the storekeeper's daughter Emma (Kathleen Gale) returns to her home, and is overpowered by the criminals who have broken jail, and she is taken by them as a hostage.

The townsfolk go out in pursuit, but Douglas takes a rest before joining the chase. For this he has to listen to Josefa's scolding tirade, but her words have no visible effect. He sleeps and joins the posse later.

With infinite patience and skill and dogged determination Douglas tracks down one man after the other. He shows no mercy to the first two, each cornered alone.

The third man is molesting Emma in a saloon when Douglas comes in on his trail. From there on the tension becomes even more strained and Douglas keeps trying to plan with Josefa for the lives of the criminals. She realizes that the sex-traced man has become a wild beast.

Emma is held back by Douglas as he tries to escape. He is told that he has been a mistake. The final suspense is in the church where he hears that "Father" has been killed. A dead fox was found when it had been run over.

Going gay at
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
can be such fun!

The Incomparable
London Society Night Club
Celebrities

PAT KAY &
BETTY ANKERS

To meet and greet you
EVERY EVENING IN CABARET

FREDDY ABRAHAM &
THE RHYTHM ROCKETS
The Tops in Dance Bands

MR. LAI CHE SAN
To take care of your every
wish while Dining & Wining

ENTERTAINMENT AT ITS VERY BEST
IN THE INTIMATE ATMOSPHERE OF
THE GOLDEN PHOENIX
1st Floor, Mason House
71-73 Nathan Road, Kowloon
Reservations... 68305

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Have your BELL & HOWELL (FILMO) EQUIPMENT REGISTERED—gaining for yourself the advantages which are enumerated below. Please send us the serial number of your camera and/or projector for registration.

Advantages of Registration

- Obtaining the full benefits of the B & H Lifetime Guarantee. Please note that this Guarantee becomes void if equipment has been serviced by other than an Authorized B & H Service Station.
- Assistance in finding your equipment in case of loss or theft.
- Free correspondence coupon from our Personal Service Department.
- Free use of our splicing & editing equipment for B & H equipment owners.
- Free use of our Projection-Room for the screening of 8 mm, 16 mm and 35 mm Sound Films.
- Having your equipment checked and repaired by an AUTHORIZED B & H SERVICE STATION.

FILMO DEPOT

2nd Fl. Marina House, 17/19, Queen's Rd. C.

Ambassador Restaurant NIGHT CLUB

PROUDLY PRESENTS



"THE SADLER TRIO"

COMEDY, ACROBATICS,
SINGING, DANCING.

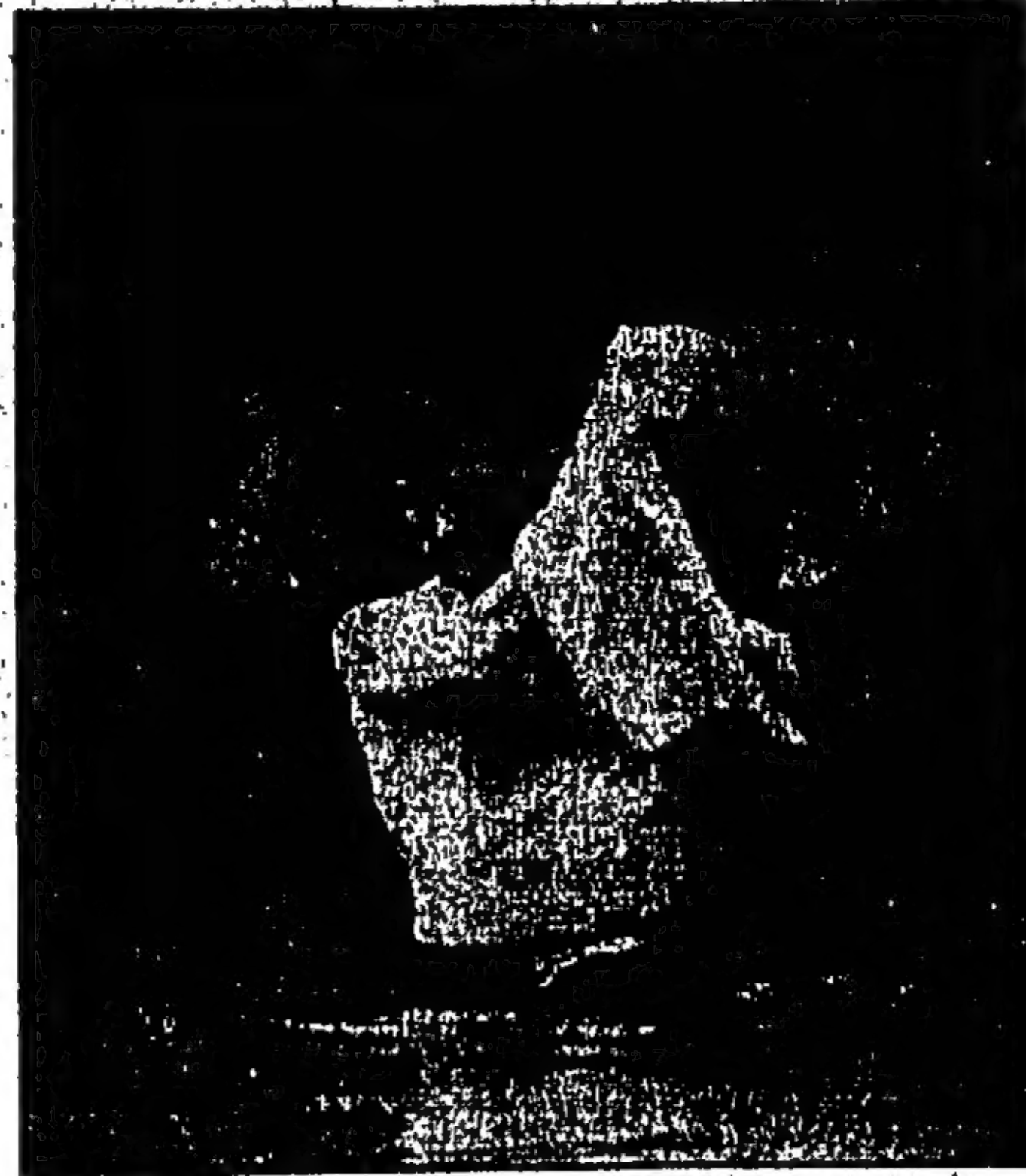
NIGHTLY: 11:15 P.M. & 1:15 A.M.

RESERVATIONS: 65655, 65716

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Peter Manuel, 32-year-old Scottish woodworker sentenced to hang for seven murders, had his appeal against conviction rejected recently. Manuel is pictured here in Edinburgh. Since being found foaming at the mouth in his cell recently, Manuel has been on hunger strike.



BELOW: Heavy mid-summer rainfall has caused flooding in the county of Leicestershire. Here a policeman supplies a hot meal to one of the many marooned families in the village of Sharnford.

ABOVE: Six-month-old Jeanette Oldfield—marooned with her parents recently in an upstairs room of their home in flooded Catcliffe, England—is carried to safety by Police Constable Sid Day.



ABOVE: Smiling even in the rain are 32-year-old Italian-born Giovanni Mansueti and his fiancée Griselda Healey of Birmingham, Derbyshire. They have plenty to smile about, for Giovanni, who came to Britain as a £9-a-week labourer, won £31,000 on a football pool.

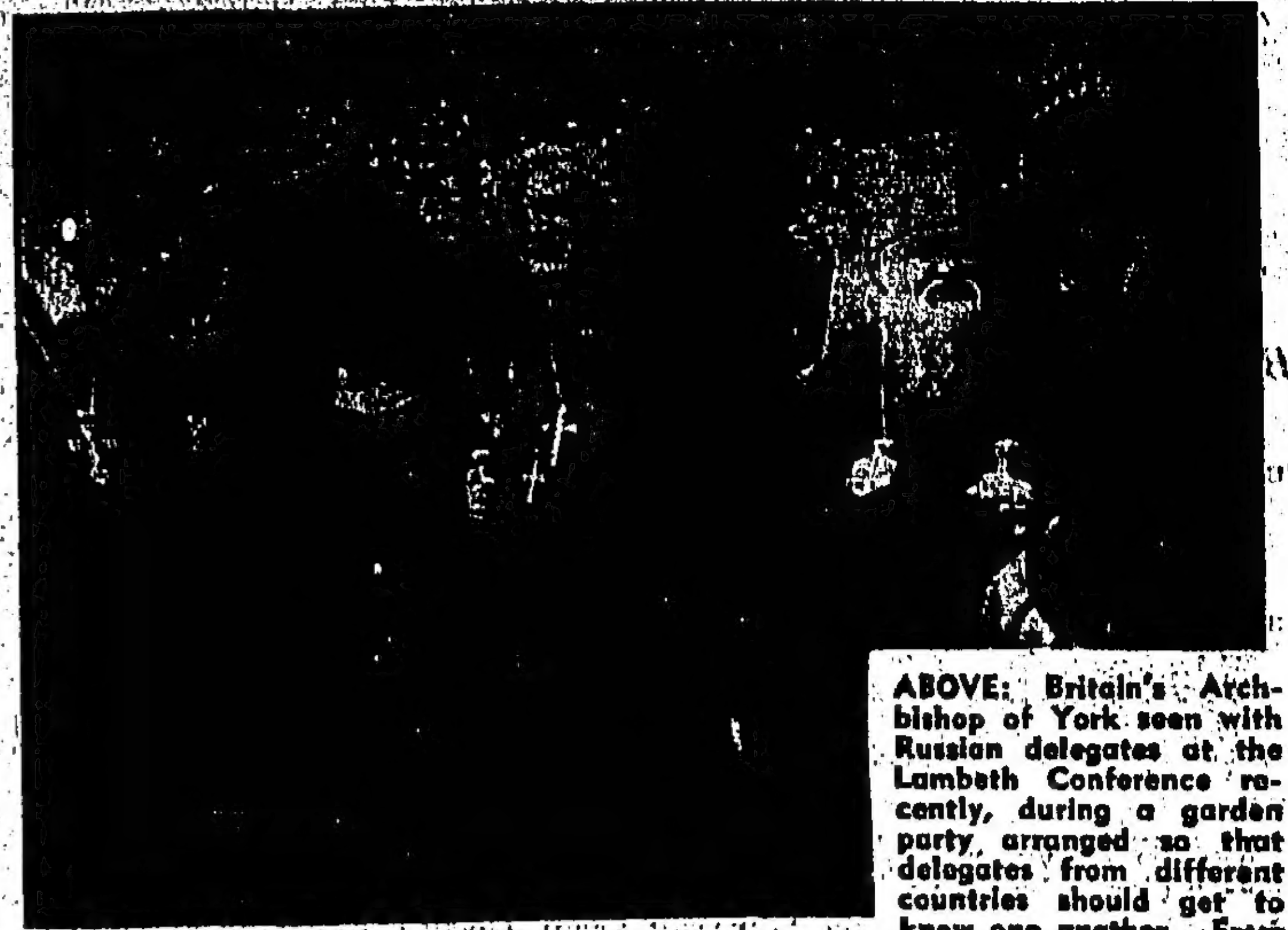
Express Photographs

BELOW: Princess Margaret went to Evensong Service at London's Westminster Abbey. The service marked the opening of the Church Union's Centenary Eucharistic Congress.



RIGHT: British actress Jeanette Scott, 19, who is to star with Sir Laurence Olivier, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster in the film version of Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple.' Jeanette will play Burt Lancaster's wife.

BELOW: Between 20 and 30 people are said to have been injured recently in this collision between a steam train and an electric passenger train—at the Maze Hill railway station, Greenwich. Here, onlookers watch the engine of the steam train on top of the smashed electric train.—Kaystone.



ABOVE: Britain's Archbishop of York seen with Russian delegates at the Lambeth Conference recently, during a garden party arranged so that delegates from different countries should get to know one another. From left are Archbishop Priest Phuzitsky, Bishop Michael of Smolensk, the Archbishop of York, Dr Michael Ramsey, and the Most Rev. Pitirim, Metropolitan of Minsk.



LEFT: At the microphone is Mrs. Cibuse Proskova, Mayoress of Lidice, the Czech village wiped out on Hitler's orders 16 years ago. Beside her is an interpreter. Mrs. Proskova and the deputy Mayoress, Mrs. Marie Zarusova—two of the few who survived the massacre—were the guests on Monday night of the Daily Express night machine chapel of the National Society of Operative Printers and Assistants.

RIGHT: Property-dealer Thomas Hyda, 32, (centre) was held by police for four hours last week at the Royal Show in Bristol, England, after he had twice tried to make a tape recording of the conversation of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother. He was kept under guard until the Queen Mother left the ground. Said a police official later: "He was just making a nuisance of himself. No charge will be made."

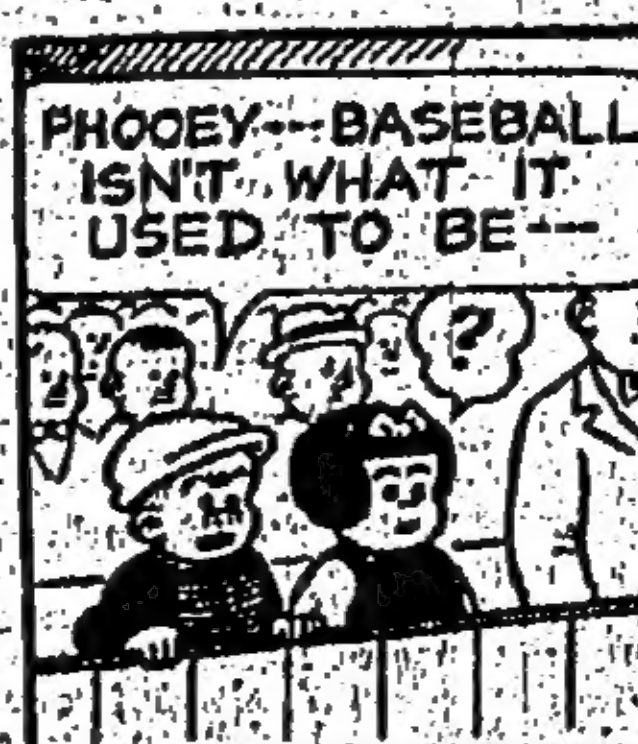


BELOW: The father (right) of Ann Noblett, 17, found raped and strangled in a Hertfordshire wood last winter, has engaged two private detectives, ex-Det. Supt. Reginald Minter and ex-Det. Insp. Michael O'Sullivan (left and centre), to hunt down the killer. Says Mr Noblett: "We can find no peace while Ann's murderer is free to roam around."



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



Let's Take Hongkong's Word

By R. W. Thompson



CHIOCHO: A pear-shaped vegetable which grows on a vine. It is the sechium edule of the botanists. In the West Indies, it has the same name in Jamaica but is called *Christofine* in Trinidad. In Mexico, where I believe the Spaniards first saw this vegetable, the name is *Chayote*.

CHONG SAM: This was originally nothing more than a long gown, as the Chinese words *cheung shaam* imply. In Hongkong English *chong sam* is the name given to a dress style which incorporates a high Chinese collar and a split sided skirt. This name appears frequently in the English-language press.

CHIE T'AAI: Car tyre, in Hongkong Cantonese. The second element is an English loan-word. In short, if English can borrow Cantonese terms for once unfamiliar things, so can Cantonese from English.

CHOP CHOP: Quick. This expression is well-known in the English-speaking world where it was carried by Eastern fiction. Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, London, 1953, says that it has been recorded for Pidgin since about 1860. He also states, rather vaguely, that it is probably from Cantonese.

CHOK FAN: East and West have met again here. The first element is really English 'chalk' and that is what the expression means.

CHUE KOO LUK: Another English loan-word in Hongkong Cantonese. It is in fact the word 'chocolate'. This word was 'lent' to the English by the Spaniards who introduced them to the commodity. The Spaniards themselves were obliged to 'borrow' the name for the unknown beverage from Nahuatl-speaking Indians in Mexico. Whether the Indians themselves borrowed from someone else I cannot say.

CHUNAM: A lime made of crushed and burnt sea-shells. This lime was introduced to China by the Portuguese through Macao. The earliest occurrence of this word in a European source is the Italian form *cloname*. (1510) Many variants appear in the next four and a half centuries: *clunam*, *chenam*, *chunam*, etc. The name appears to have originated in India where it occurs in both Hindi and the Dravidian languages. The commonest Indo-Portuguese form is *chunambo*.

COLO: Just a typical Pidgin adaptation of a common English word; cold.

COMPOUND: Used in India, China and elsewhere in the East for an enclosure in which a house or factory stands, eg. in Hongkong: *The University Compound*. Although this word looks so 'Latin' (cf. the chemist's *All-Preparations Compound*), it is compounded of the etymologically doubtful pound and compound of the man who pens cattle. Our word seems to be Malayan *kampung* which is also used, according to the Oxford Dictionary to describe a 'village, quarter of a town occupied by a particular nationality, as the Chinese *kampung* at Batavia'. In the latter sense *kampung* occurs in a Portuguese writer of 1813. Making fun of the Englishman's use of exotic words in reference to the *Gazette* of 1781 (3rd March) observes in derogatory that *Gazette* usurps the warehouse place. Compound denotes each walled space.

COMPRADOR: The griffin housewife two days ashore talks familiarly of her *comprador*. (When writing to her mother she may give it an Italianate flourish—*compradore*). The word has still a wider application in Hongkong. It was formerly the name of a native servant employed by Europeans in India and further East. His job was to purchase necessities and keep the household accounts. The name was sometimes given to a house-steward. It is now obsolete in India. Richard Cooks in his *Diary* published in 1815, refers to an incident in which 'the Hollanders... thrust their *comprador* (or cats buyer) out of door for a lecherous knave'. There is a reference to the *Daily Telegraph* of November 14, 1865, to the use of this word on the China coast a century ago: 'The water-thieves have friends among the *compradors* of Hongkong and Shanghai.' *Comprador* is another borrowing from the Portuguese when it originally meant simply 'buyer'. *Compr* means 'to buy' in Standard Portuguese.

CONGEE: Rice slops, the porridge of the East. In Hobson Jobson it is claimed to be of Tamil origin: *kanil*, 'boiling'. The same Dictionary states that this name is given to a kind of home-made starch in India 'but I have not heard it so used in Hongkong'. Another Anglo-Indian word is *conjee-cup* 'starched night-cap'. In India the lock-up was once called the *conjee-house* or *conjee-house*. In 1838 the Government recommended that 'all men confined for drunkenness should if possible be confined by themselves in the *conjee-house* (ill sobor)'. The same word meant cattle-pound in Northern India. The word *conjee* in the sense of rice slops has been used by many more. It is still in use in some of the Portuguese dialects of the East as against *cassa* in the standard language. The eighteenth century *Mo Men Chi Lach* in its glossary of the Portuguese dialect of Macao, records the name *kan-shai* which looks like an attempt to represent pronunciation of the same form. It is probably that the English form *congee* is to be derived from the Indo-Portuguese *canil* and not direct from any native Indian language.

CONGER PIKE: An eel-like fish—*Muraenesox asotaka*. Called *Moon Shu* in Cantonese. There is a good collection of fish names in English and Cantonese in *Common Marine Food-Fishes of Hongkong* by G. A. C. Herdott and S. Y. Lin.

THE LEGACY OF LIU PUI

Another Short Story By A' Hongkong Writer

LIU PUI sat at his black ebony desk, silent, austere and immobile. Although the electric radiator at the foot of his desk had already done much to dispel the coldness from the room, he sat with his hands thrust deep into the broad sleeves of his cotton-padded jacket of dark blue silk.

He had been sitting like that since dinner, enveloped in a silence that somehow conveyed the quality of thought. His eyes, dark and very intense, dominated his gaunt and hollow-cheeked face. They were tragic eyes, tragic and lonely, insinuating some lingering sadness in his life. His nose was sharp and unusually tall for a Chinese. It added to the severity of his features and at the same time lent his face a slightly foreign air.

Behind him, a large collection of books—mostly in English—lined the wall. The arrangement was without order for John Stuart Mill stood between Homer and Marx and the plays of Bernard Shaw kept company with the confessions of Saint Augustine and the poems of Milton and Keats.

At the opposite end of the study, to the left of the entrance, another collection of books was on display. These volumes, imprisoned behind the glass doors of a large leadwood bookcase, were in Chinese. They included the Four Books and the Five Classics, the poems of Li Po and Tu Fu, a number of Taoist scriptures, and the works of a few moderns like Lu Hsiang-shan.

On the desk before Liu Pui spread his writing paraphernalia. The thick round stick of ink rested like some black phallid symbol between the stone ink-slab and the eight-inch high brush-container of light green porcelain. Within the container the writing brushes stood in disordered stalks, while at the centre of the desk rose paper lay in a neat thin pad.

Unlike most Chinese, Liu Pui had not forsaken the writing brush for the convenience of the fountain pen. For he liked to see his characters appear in bold forceful strokes rather than thin emaciated lines. To him the ability to form good characters was not just a pleasant accomplishment but a vital necessity, as important as having an honest face. Therefore he lost no opportunity in making perfect his own.

Even the daily editorial for which he was responsible as a newspaper editor was seized upon as an occasion for practicing his calligraphy. This he did each evening after dinner, before returning to his office for other work.

But tonight he made no attempt to write. He confessed to a feeling of a nagging feeling that was at once anger, frustration and despair. The feeling had haunted him all day, ever since that morning's meeting with the Old Tiger. The Old Tiger was his employer, an old, most illiterate man who through shrewd and ruthless business transactions had built for himself an empire which now included three banks, five newspapers, two steam ship companies, a dozen textile mills and a score of other ventures.

His business methods, coupled with his fierce face and characteristic growl, had earned him his sobriquet.

Working for the Old Tiger had not been pleasant for Liu Pui. It had meant involvement in the sordid world of business, a world which he detested at its best but which he often saw only at its worst.

It had meant writing under orders, writing that which ought not to have been praised and degrading that which ought

not to have been decried. It had meant too the planting of fake items so that his employer could get a vital, thirty minutes to dump some stock or to make a small fortune on the gold exchange.

And to think that he once had so many noble principles and ideals. Had it all been sheer hypocrisy or had he merely learned some different 'truths' like, for example, the one that his wife loved to utter, that rice bowls could not be filled with ideals?

Thinking of these things brought that morning's meeting with the Old Tiger back to him. "There is too much clamour against the mayor. We will have to ease the pressure," the Old Tiger had said. "If he were removed from office, it would be too much inconvenience. There is too much at stake. And besides, there are certain rules of conduct. The mayor is our friend and we must help our friends."

Then the Old Tiger had laughed that gruff, cynical laugh which he hated more than his usual growl.

At last Liu Pui took his hands out of his sleeves. His fingers were long and thin, almost like a woman's. He hesitated a moment before selecting a brush from the brush container. He did not want to beguile his editorial, to begin that act of prostitution to which he had submitted himself so often—in the past.

The editorial requested was nothing so very different from other editorials he had written. It was true, but somehow at the back of his mind there was a vague feeling that some crucial point had been reached and that if he meant to fight for the things in which he believed he must do so now or become irrevocably lost.

Then, as he stroked his writing brush on the ink-slab, he heard the clear, precise voice of his wife say: "Your editorial, is it finished?" He looked up to see Phoenix crossing the study, pulling on a glove. She was a small woman with a round face and a pair of large, alert eyes. Through the red incision of her mouth her teeth showed, white and sparkling, like the seeds of a freshly cut melon.

Her brisk, efficient air always reminded Liu Pui of the Phoenix he had read about in *Dream of the Red Chamber* and it led him often to think that his wife too would have made an excellent family administrator had they lived in the olden days of the large extended family.

"No," Liu Pui said, slowly. "I have not yet begun. I thought if you had finished you could escort me to

what he says."

Liu Pui smiled as he listened to his son's comments on Taoism. When he smiled he became lenient. The intenseness of the eyes softened and his features lost their austerity. There must be some truth in the statement that one turns to Taoism only in the twilight of one's life, he thought. Thirty years ago, his reaction to Taoism had been much the same as Yu-ming's. He too had thought in terms of organisation, industrialisation and machines. Now he recognised the mania for what it is, a mad rush towards dehumanisation and a standardisation of life.

How he longed for a return to sanity, a return to the Tao. Aloud, he said: "You are right in what you say, but Mr Hsu is right also."

"How can we both be right at the same time?" Yu-ming asked.

"That is the mystery of the Tao," Liu Pui said.

A silence descended and for a moment each became occupied with his private thought. Then Yu-ming spoke.

"Father," Yu-ming said, darting a glance at Phoenix, as if he did not want her to share the confidence which he was about to impart.

"What is it?" Liu Pui said. His voice, too, was now full of gentleness.

"The student association has planned a demonstration against the mayor tomorrow," Yu-ming said. "Everyone knows that he is corrupt and should be removed from office. It would help us if you would rally public opinion to our support by writing an editorial on the subject for tomorrow."

"Ming, I do not want you to get involved in this trouble," Phoenix interjected before Liu Pui could reply. "You are going to the university next term. Therefore you should be old enough to stay out of trouble. If the mayor is corrupt it is nothing to do with you."

"Phoenix like him are ruining our country," Yu-ming said with all the seriousness and passionate idealism of youth. "Each one of us has a responsibility to see that the welfare of the country is protected."

"That is for the government to decide," Phoenix said. "You will only get into trouble holding a demonstration and nothing will be changed. If you do not believe me you can ask your father. When he was at the university he used to take part

in this kind of student demonstration. One time, I think, he demonstrated against the Treaty of Versailles. Two of his best friends were killed in that demonstration and he himself was almost killed. But what did it accomplish? The Treaty of Versailles remained just the same."

"They did what they thought was right," Yu-ming said. "That is the only thing a man can do."

"Even a righteous man must know when to show his righteousness," Phoenix said. She looked at her watch and added: "I have no time to argue with you. It is time for me to go out. But I forbid you to take part in this nonsense. With that she got up and, after saying goodbye to Liu Pui, left the room."

Left alone in the study, both father and son were lost for words. Only their eyes met, and at the moment of meeting they spoke more eloquently than words.

"I will think about the editorial," Liu Pui said, finally. Yu-ming nodded and walked slowly from the room.

Liu Pui picked up the volume of Taoist quotations absent-mindedly and began thumbing through the pages. What should he write? he wondered. What kind of a legacy should he leave behind? A man must do what he thinks is right, that is true. But how does he know what is right? Is it right for the sake of his family? Or is it right to sacrifice the welfare of his family for something as insubstantial as integrity and pride? He wished somebody would decide for him and yet at the same time he knew that only he alone could decide. Then a passage from the book caught his eye. He read:

"After Nature was lost, one talked of character; After character was lost, one talked of kindness; After kindness was lost, then one talked of righteousness; After righteousness was lost, then one talked of rules of conduct."

Now, rules of conduct indicate the thinning-out of the innate honesty of man...."

Liu Pui read the passage over again and thought for a moment. Then he picked up the writing brush which he had set down when Phoenix entered. He knew what he must write.

THE END

(Copyright Reserved)

by David T. K. Wong

lot of government business, not to mention the free hand in the black marketing of UNRRA supplies.

"Then I suppose there is no alternative but to do as you have been asked."

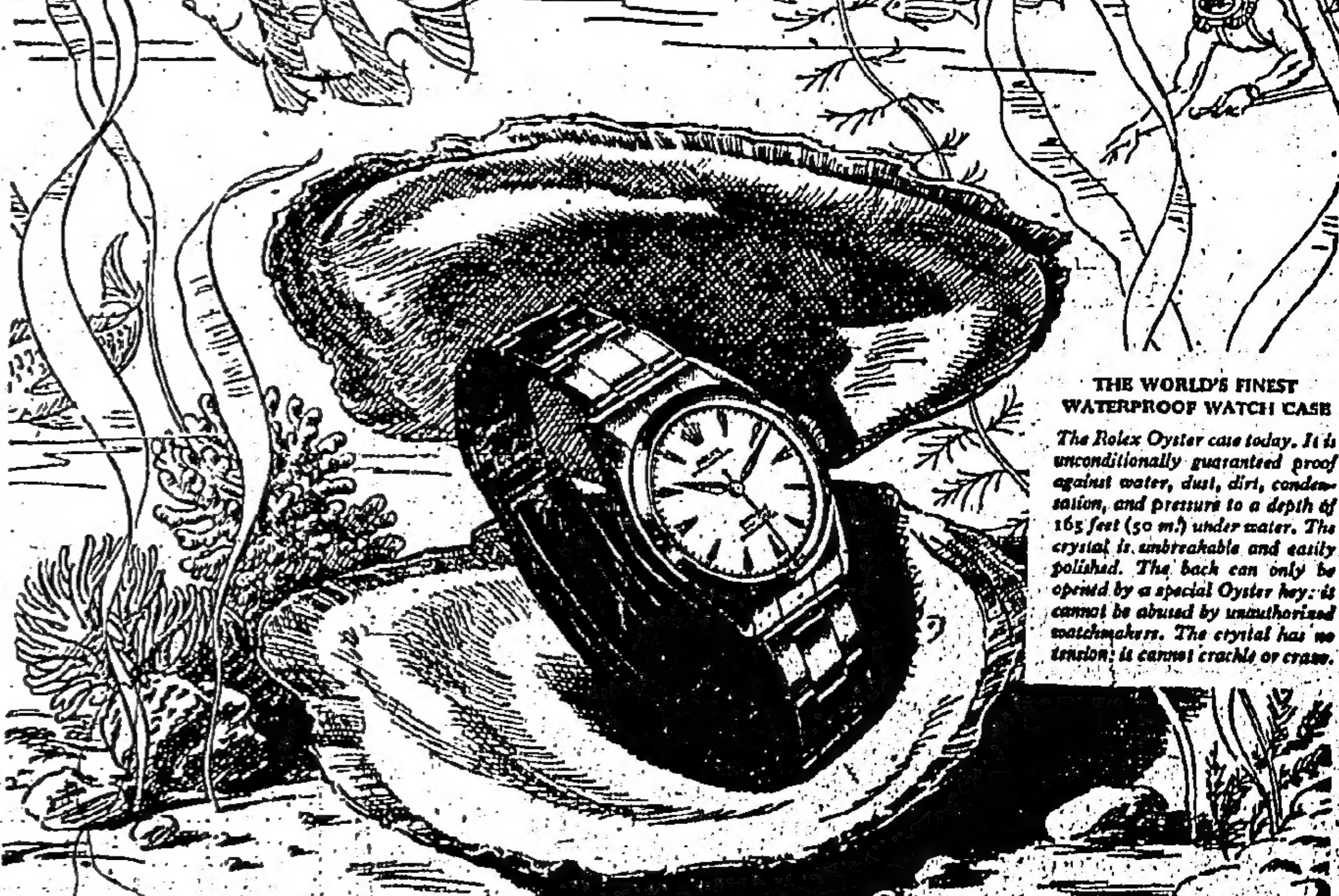
"No," Liu Pui said. "I can resign."

"Do not speak such foolishness," Phoenix said, a trifle sharply. "One cannot go through life always fighting for lost causes. You are no longer young."

The difficulties in obtaining a good position are many and the inflation does not make things easier. Besides, there are the children to think of. Yu-ming will be ready for the university next term and the younger ones are all in school. They all depend on you."

"Perhaps one cannot go through life fighting for lost

1926-1958
For 32 years the best waterproof watch in the world



THE WORLD'S FINEST WATERPROOF WATCH CASE
The Rolex Oyster case today. It is unconditionally guaranteed against water, dust, dirt, condensation, and pressure to a depth of 165 feet (50 m) under water. The crystal is unbreakable and easily polished. The back can only be opened by a special Oyster key; it cannot be abused by unauthorized watchmakers. The crystal has no tension; it cannot crack or craze.

Rolex celebrate the 32nd anniversary of the Oyster case

In 1926 Rolex invented the Oyster case, the world's first truly waterproof watch case. To the trade at the time it seemed a joke, a "gimmick" that had nothing to do with timekeeping. But Mr. Wilsdorf, the chairman of Rolex, and his colleagues at Rolex, knew that it was a revolution.

For the point of the waterproof watch is protection, not just against water, but against dust, sand, grit and all other elements that can damage the movement and clog the vital oil.

The Oyster has come a long way since Mercedes Gliese made world headlines in 1927 by swimming the English Channel with an Oyster on her wrist.

Perhaps even Mr. Wilsdorf did not dream in 1927

Rolex would develop Oysters that can go down wherever man can go. Yet they have. Witness the fact that the Navies of three great nations use Rolex for special underwater activities.

Rolex have such unshakable confidence in the present Oyster case that they guarantee it unconditionally—against everything but brute force.

Very briefly, any Rolex Oyster is guaranteed proof against water, gas, dust, dirt, powder, condensation, and pressure to a depth of 165 feet (50 m) under water (except for the new, ultra-flat dress Oyster models, which are guaranteed to 660 ft. (200 m)).

It provides complete protection for the fine and incredibly accurate movement it contains.

ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



"Yes, I think he is . . . No . . . Yes . . . YES, HE WANTS US!"

(London, England, Britain)

Only **Airtemp** gives you

ALL those most wanted features

High & Low Speed Control
Quick-cool Control cools more space faster
4-way air circulation
Super quiet for night cooling

Engineered by Chrysler

one of the "big" names in American
industry . . . a leader in the air-
conditioning field . . .

CUSTOM ROYAL de luxe
AIR CONDITIONERS

1 h.p. 1½ h.p. 2 h.p.

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

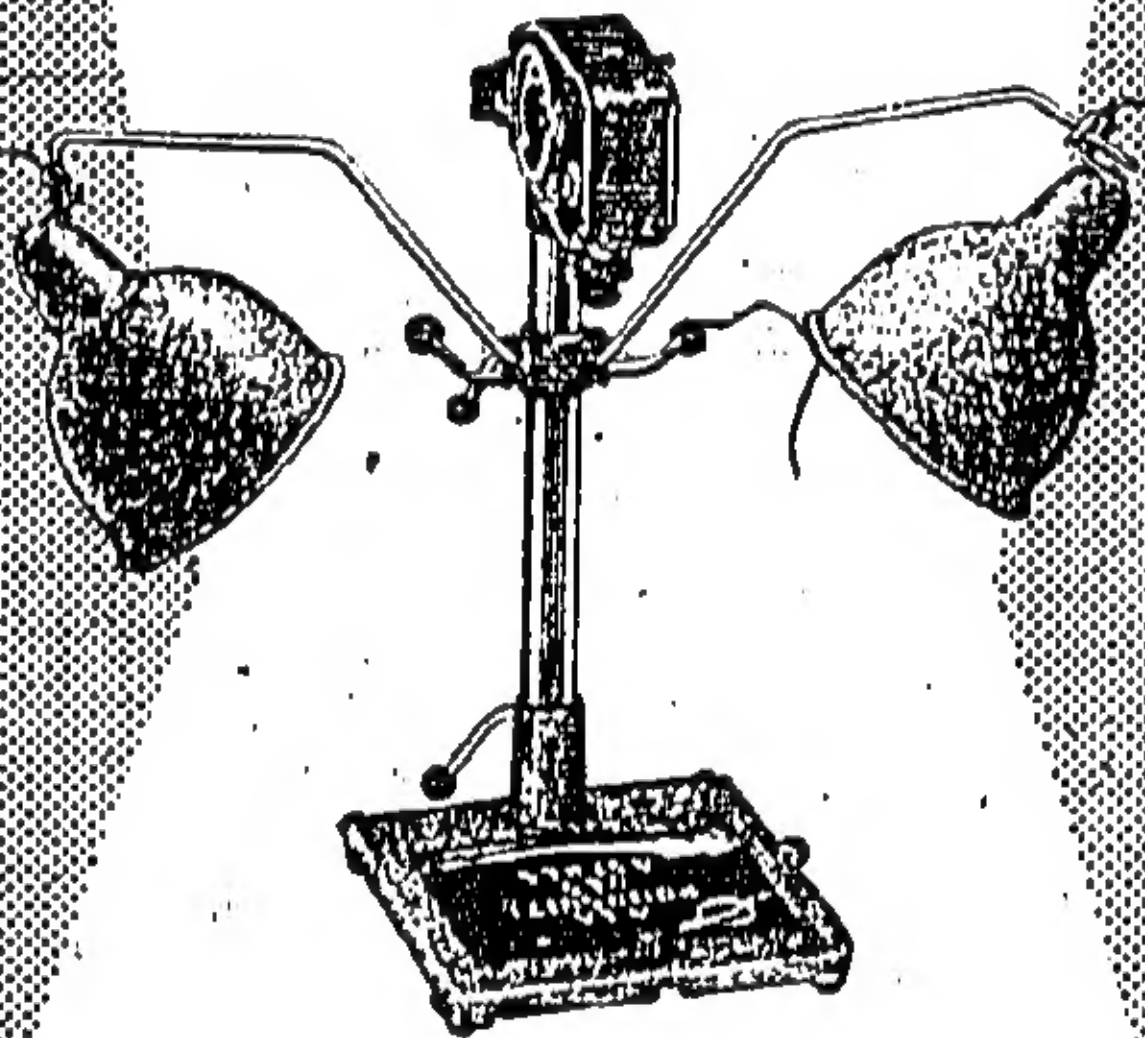
fagan

423-9, Ice House Street, Hongkong. Tele: 27781

Payment terms to suit YOUR convenience.

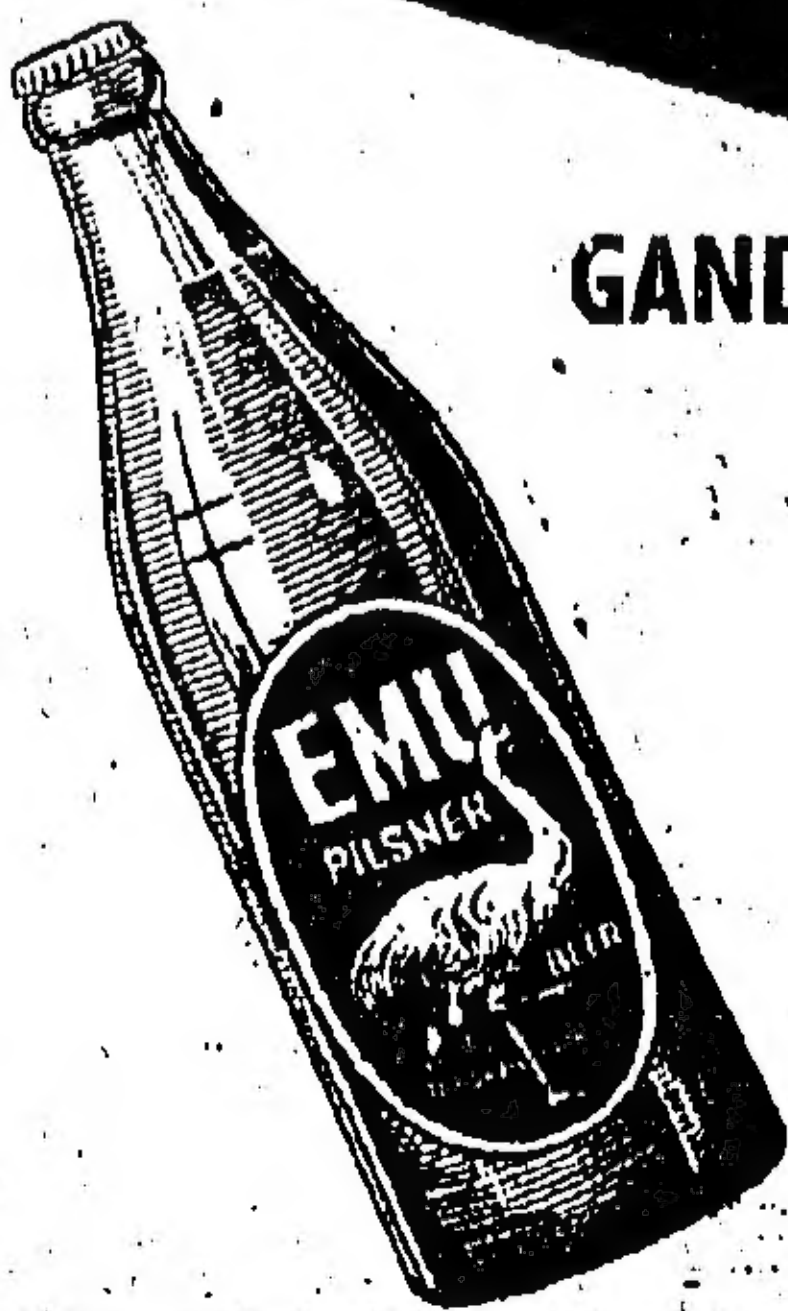
Use the **Bolex** 8 mm**MOVIE TITLER**

to add titles to your films . . .
they'll be sensational!



Sole Agents: **J. H. TRACHSLER (H.K.) LTD.**
404-406, BARRIE OF CANTON BLDG. 34th Fl. TEL: 23260 or 20722

There's just nothing else like it!

EMU PILSNER BEER

GANDE, PRICE & CO., LTD.
"THE WINE HOUSE"

TELEPHONES:

2 0 1 3 6,

3 6 3 6 1 &

3 3 2 4 6

AS THE CIRCLE NARROWS TO THE BIG 'BRAIN'

DOCTOR NO!

CHAPTER SEVEN

...BOND AND HONEY
SEE THE TEETH OF
HATE SNARL IN THEIR FACES

By

Ian Fleming

Secret Service man James Bond's sidekick, Quarrel, is dead—killed by a motorised flame-thrower patrolling the Caribbean island of the sinister Dr No. Bond and the girl Honey, discovered collecting sea shells, have been captured by the crew of the flame-thrower. Now the fast-moving thriller speeds to the heart of the mystery and the pay-off. But the big question is: the pay-off for whom?

THE man waved them forward with his gun. They walked round the back of the machine. There was a small square door. A voice from inside said: "Get in and sit on the floor."

They scrambled into the iron box. There was just room for them to sit with their knees hunched up.

The man with the gun followed them in, and banged the door. He switched on a light and sat down on an iron tractor seat beside the driver. He said: "Okay, Sam. Let's get going."

The girl's shoulder pressed against Bond's. "Where are they taking us?" The whisper trembled.

Bond turned his head and looked at her. The skin round her eyes and at the corners of her mouth was white with fear.

Compliment

Bond shrugged with indifference he didn't feel. He whispered: "Oh, I expect we're going to see Doctor No. Don't worry too much, Honey. These men are just little gangsters. I'll be different with him. When we get to him don't you say anything. I'll talk for both of us."

He pressed her shoulder. "I like the way you do your hair. I'm glad you don't cut it too short."

Some of the tension went out of her face. "How can you think of things like that?" She half smiled at him. "But I'm glad you like it."

She bent her head down to her manacled hands to hide her

tears. She whispered almost to herself: "I'll try to be brave. I'll be all right as long as you're there."

PARADE

DOUBLE OR NOTHING: A Pennsylvania couple this week had their twelfth wedding anniversary—and their fifth set of twins. (Normal odds for a mother having twins in the United States—one in 87).

"HOT-ROD" MISTAKE: Into Laramie, Fred Conyers reared his hot-rod car, exhausted, past the sleeping women's dormitory of the University of Wyoming. Out rushed twenty-two policemen in their pyjamas.

Conyers did not know the code and went for the summer. In their place were policemen doing a refresher course in law enforcement. Putting theory into practice they made sure that Conyers was fined.

YAK-YAK CHAMP: At long last, the women of Fayetteville, North Carolina, are talked out. For ten days a store there sponsored a "fillbuster" contest with a prize of \$1,500 in gaudes for the women who talked the longest.

Seven women entered. Ten nights later, only the winner was left, the blonde mother of four with an Army colonel for a husband, away in Korea.

She talked for 53 hours 1 minute and 40 seconds. Her only pauses for breath—the two and-a-half minute break allowed each hour.

She ate as she went, and her freedom of movement was limited by her tether, a 50-foot microphone cord. At last, at the end of her marathon talk she whispered: "I'm pooped."

Her fans yelled throatily. And today in this North Carolina barge port all is un-natural silence. The champion women talkers are all pooped.

WANTED—BRIDES: A 68-year-old New Zealand Queen's Counsellor, Oswald Mazengarb, wants wives for the country's 82,764 bachelors.

And as only 38,537 spinsters are available, he considers the importation of 20,000 girls "more acceptable than the importation of 20,000 cars or another £20 million loan."

FORTUNE ON ENVELOPE: An Asian clerk in Nairobi has received a letter that may be worth a fortune.

V. G. Dave took one look at the 16-cent stamp on the letter posted to him from the remote up-country village of Elburgon and knew he had "struck gold."

For right across the face of the stamp (normal value just over three halfpence) was a diagonal flaw cutting the elephant emblem and the Queen's face in two.

Said East Africa's Postmaster-General, Mr R. E. German: "I have never seen a mistake like it."

The stamp was one of a first issue of 2,000,000 printed in Britain and, it is believed, the only one with the flaw.

If that is so, the unofficial philatelic value of £250 may rocket.

Water to bathe a Moslem bride during a wedding ceremony was rushed 100 miles by the fire brigade from the Central Malayan town of Pekan.

Bond shifted so that he was right up against her. He brought his handcuffed hands close up to his eyes and examined them. They were the American police model. He contracted his left hand, the thinner of the two, and tried

to pull it through the square ring of steel. It was hopeless. The two men sat on their iron seats with their backs to them, indifferent. They knew they had total command. There wasn't room for Bond to give any trouble. Bond couldn't stand up or get enough momentum into his hands to do any damage to the backs of their heads with his handcuffs.

It annoyed Bond that they didn't worry about him, that they knew he was utterly in their power. These two knew their business. They were professionals. They just drove the machine quietly, efficiently along, finishing their competent job.

STRIP LIGHTNING: Three young Burmese women were running from the ricefields for the shelter of a hut in a thunderstorm in Central Burma when lightning struck one in the middle of the group.

It burnt her jacket and longyi (skirt) leaving her nude but unharmed.

BAD WAY AT ZEAVER-LODGE: A housewife has died a \$1,000,000 statement of claim against a Toronto mining corporation in a fight over mineral claims in the Subarctic.

Mrs Evelyn Oak, 30, said in her statement that her husband and three partners illegally gave Frohisher Ltd., a large mineral development firm based in Toronto, an option to buy 37 mineral claims in the uranium-rich Zeaverlodge area on Sunday June 20, 1958.

Citing the Lord's Day Alliance Act, she claims the offer was invalid.

INTERIOR DECORATING: Archie Enzier, 45, held a paint spray gun to his head to hear if it was working. It was. A hospital steward and a doctor took turns cleaning the paint out of Enzier's ear.

GENEROSITY: Mrs Trush was granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband tried to feed her to the crocodiles when they were on holiday in Florida.

police alien. It meandered into a dying man.

After a minute the machine stopped, idling in neutral. The man passed a switch and took a microphone off a hook beside him.

He spoke into it and Bond could hear the echoing voice of the loud-hailer outside. "Okay. Got the Limey and the girl. Other man's bond. That's the lot. Open up."

There was a clang as the iron hatch was opened from the outside. Hands took hold of Bond and dragged him roughly out backwards on to a cement floor.

Bond stood up. He felt the prod of a gun in his side. A voice said: "Stay where you are. No tricks." Bond looked at the man. He was another Chinese Negro, from the same stable as the others.

Another man was prodding the girl with his gun. Bond said sharply: "Leave the girl alone." He walked over and stood beside her. The two men seemed surprised. They stood, pointing their guns indecisively.

Bond looked around him. They were in one of the Quonset huts he had seen from the river. It was a garage and workshop. The "dragon" had been hauled over an examination pit in the concrete.

The driver and his mate were examining the machine. Now they sauntered up.

Bond was impressed. He was always impressed by professionalism. Doctor No was obviously a man who took immense pains. Soon Bond would be meeting him. Soon he would be up against the secret of Doctor No. And then what? Bond smiled grimly to himself. He wouldn't be allowed to get away with his knowledge.

The co-driver glanced over his shoulder at Bond and the girl. Bond smiled cheerfully up at him. He said: "You'll get a medal for this."

The brown and yellow eyes looked impassively into his. The purple, blueberry lips parted in a smile in which there was slow hate. "Shut your mouth," the man turned back.

The girl nudged Bond and whispered: "Why do they hate us so much?"

A Siren

Bond grinned down at her. "Because we don't seem to be frightened of them. We must keep them that way."

The girl pressed against him. "I'll try."

The driver reached forward to the dashboard. From the front of the machine there sounded the brief howl of a

nodded dumbly, like children in front of a Christmas tree.

Bond longed to run berserk among them, laying into their faces with his manacled wrists, accepting their bloody revenge. But for the girl he would have done it.

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

He said: "All right, all right. You're four and we're two and we've got our hands tied. Come on. We won't hurt you. Just don't push us around too much. Doctor No might not be pleased."

Impressed

At the name, the men's faces changed. Three pairs of eyes looked whitely from Bond to the leader. For a minute the leader stared suspiciously at Bond, wondering, trying to fathom whether perhaps Bond had got some edge on their boss.

His mouth opened to say something. He thought better of it. He said lamely: "Okay, okay. We was just kiddin'." He turned to the men for confirmation. "Right?"

The leader said gruffly: "This way, mister." He walked off down the long hut.

Bond took the girl's wrist and followed. He was impressed with the weight of Doctor No's name. That was something to remember if they had any more dealings with the staff.

The man came to a rough wooden door at the end of the hut. There was a holupush beside it. He rang twice and waited. There came a click and the door opened to reveal 10 yards of carpeted rock passage with another door, smarter and cream-painted, at the end.

Threats

One of the guards said: "The word is to send them through. Everything got okay?"

The co-driver turned to Bond. "Okay, get moving," he gestured down the long hut.

Bond said: "Get moving yourself. Mind your manners. And tell those ops to take their guns off us. They might let one off by mistake. They look dumb enough."

The man came closer. The other three closed up behind him. Hate shone redly in their eyes. The leading man lifted a clenched fist as big as a small ham and held it under Bond's nose. He was controlling himself with an effort.

He said tensely: "Listen, mister. Sometimes us boys is allowed to join in the fun at the end. I'm just praying this'll be one of those times. Once we make dum a whole work. And if I let you."

He broke off. His eyes were alight with cruelty. He looked past Bond at the girl. The eyes became mouths that licked their lips.

He turned to the other three. "What say, fellows?"

The three men were also looking at the girl. They

MONDAY

The hand of—steel

Holier than thou . . .

AFTER THE NAGY MURDER... A CALL FOR COOL DECISIONS



We must not turn our backs on Krushchev

THE murder of Imre Nagy and his three associates has shocked the conscience of the Western world. None can keep silent. It was murder all right. Yet this moment of indignation is also the moment for cool heads.

We have to protest. But we have also to ask: What do we do for the future? How do we best ensure that there are no more murders, no more Nagys? Many people are now announcing, with a note of triumph, that there is no difference between Krushchev and Stalin, and never has been. Lessening of tensions, Summit conferences, hopes of an easier world—these are all nonsense. Back to the cold war, to the era of hostility and distrust.

Right?

Well, these people may be right. When we look at Soviet Russia we peer through a fog of ignorance, and see shadows moving.

No one in any Western country really knows about Soviet Russia. We all guess, and no doubt our guesses influence our guesses. The most we can do is to try to guess honestly.

I make no secret that I have a wish. I should like to see Soviet Russia and the West on better terms. I should like to see the "peaceful competition" that Mr. Krushchev is always talking

about, the two systems trying to outbid each other in prosperity instead of in arms. They might learn much from us, and we might learn a good deal from them.

Has tried

But, putting my wishes aside, I ask myself: Do the events of the last five years confirm the theory that there is no difference between Krushchev and Stalin?

I answer: No. Krushchev has not shown himself the suspicious, blood-stained tyrant that Stalin was.

Krushchev has tried to make things easier. He has not killed his rivals inside Russia, only exiled them. That's an improvement.

He has allowed, and it seems welcomed, a marked advance towards freedom in Poland.

He settled the conflict with Tito—though he has started it again now.

He has pressed for a Summit conference; and, of all the world's statesmen, has seemed the most sincere in wanting it.

Was this all fraud, something to take us in, or perhaps imposed on Krushchev by temporary weakness? I do not think so. Krushchev's desire for better terms seems to me real. There is after all a tremendous prize for

by
A. J. P. TAYLOR

any Soviet statesman who pulls it off. All the evidence (such as it is) indicates that economic conditions in Soviet Russia, though not in the satellite countries, have improved enormously.

The Soviet people are getting prosperous. Whoever gives them peace as well can count on staggering popularity. That is what Krushchev has been aiming at.

But he has been playing against time. He had to produce results. And the results have not come.

We in the West are justifiably suspicious of Russia. But most Russian politicians are 100 per cent more suspicious of us. Krushchev has been a man negotiating with a knife at his back. A knife held by people who said: "If you fail, you'll be the first to pay the price."

Do we help?

Whatever the cause, the fact is certain. Krushchev is running away from his own policy. He has quarrelled again with Tito. He has condemned, or perhaps ordered, the murders in Hungary. He seems preparing to repudiate the Summit conference.

This is where we come in. What do we do? Do we help Krushchev's opponents in Russia by giving him an extra kick? Or do we try to pull him back into sanity and friendship? Do we rejoice at the return of the cold war, or do we try to stop it?

There are those who think that the cold war is, and always has been, the only possible policy. Mr. Dulles is one of them. Honestly, without concealment, he claims to his opinion that it is a waste of time to have any dealings with Russia until the Communist system disappears.

We in the West have been trying this policy, with a few interruptions, for the last 40 years. Boycott, blockade, non-recognition, the cold war. They are all so many names for the same unchanging line.

Has it produced results? Is Russia weaker now than she was in 1918 when the boycott started? Is Communism any nearer collapse?

On the contrary, boycott by the rest of the world has driven Russia to build up her own strength. The cold war has reinforced the suspicions of the Communists and allowed them to maintain their dictatorial hold.

Remember...

It is easy to say that the horrors of Communism caused the hostility of the West. I'm not at all sure as a historian that it was not the hostility of the West which produced the horrors of Communism.

At any rate, one thing we can say with absolute certainty. The cold war now will not cause the collapse of Communism, but will rather strengthen it.

The murder of Nagy was a terrible crime. But if we now turn our backs on Russia in outraged horror, there will be more murders, more crimes—in Hungary, in Poland, in Russia itself.

Mr. Dulles and three Englishmen who write indignant letters to The Times, such as Mr. Herbert Morrison or Mr. Shawcross, almost give the impression of welcoming the murders because these prove that Communism

are as black as they have been painted.

I would rather that fewer people were murdered even though this reinforced to Krushchev's credit.

And when we condemn the murders so high-mindedly, do not forget our share of the guilt. It is not likely that these murders would have happened if the great statesmen of the world were now meeting at the Summit.

A triumph

We have been talking about the Summit for nearly a year. We are further off than at the beginning. And most of the difficulties have come from the Western side, from Mr. Dulles most of all.

The Hungarian murders are a triumph for Krushchev's opponents, both here and in Soviet Russia. We are tumbling back fast into the worst days of the cold war. We have not much time left if we want to help Krushchev and to stop this disaster.

The way to stop the return to the cold war is a Summit conference. And the time for a Summit conference is now.

Are YOU too old for your age?

●The pipe-and-slippers age of retrospect and regrets comes to some men early, to some late, to some never. Is it in sight yet for YOU?

HOW old are you, not in the arithmetical difference between 1958 and your birth-year, but in outlook, ambition, and zest for life?

That age you filled in on an insurance form last week is little guide to the age at which you are living your life.

A graduate of 22, just out of university, can be more pension-minded, more scared of accepting the challenge of life than his father aged 60.

Forty can mean anything from barren, aimless years of disillusion and diminishing effort to the high flood of endeavour, ambition, and achievement. For women too there is a challenge in the years which cannot be met merely by changing a neckline. Jeuneur is a matter of mentality as well as of clothes.

How old are you—as others see you?

Today a Psychological Consultant poses 20 questions which will help to judge yourself.

Don't cheat. By giving the answers you would like to give you may be depriving yourself of marks.

Which do you think of as the best time in your life—

(a) Your days at school or at college?

(b) Your time in the Services?

(c) The first years of marriage?

(d) The last 10 years?

2 Have you made any new firm friends in the last three years?

(a) Yes.

(b) No.

3 Which would you say was the most necessary for understanding human nature—

(a) Common sense?

(b) Experience?

(c) Reading books?

4 Would you say the country is in a worse state than it was 10 years ago?

(a) Yes.

(b) No.

5 Would you rather spend your Saturday evenings—

(a) Going to a party?

(b) Reading a book?

(c) Watching television?

(d) Going to a show?

6 In what way country you would like to emigrate to?

(a) Yes.

(b) No.

7 Would you say that the future economic position of the country would be more

improved by—

(a) Using our brain power and initiative to the full?

(b) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(c) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(d) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(e) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(f) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(g) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(h) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(i) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(j) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(k) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(l) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(m) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(n) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(o) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(p) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(q) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(r) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(s) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(t) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(u) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(v) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(w) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(x) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(y) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?

(z) A more careful and thorough development of our present resources?



20 The Greeks thought that a man was at the prime of life at 40. Do you agree?

(a) Yes.

(b) No.

(c) Yes.

(d) No.

(e) Yes.

(f) No.

(g) Yes.

(h) No.

(i) Yes.

(j) No.

(k) Yes.

(l) No.

(m) Yes.

(n) No.

(o) Yes.

(p) No.

(q) Yes.

(r) No.

(s) Yes.

(t) No.

(u) Yes.

(v) No.

(w) Yes.

(x) No.

(y) Yes.

(z) No.

(aa) Yes.

(ab) No.

(ac) Yes.

(ad) No.

(ae) Yes.

(af) No.

(ag) Yes.

(ah) No.

(ai) Yes.

(aj) No.

(ak) Yes.

(al) No.

(am) Yes.

(an) No.

(ao) Yes.

(ap) No.

(aq) Yes.

(ar) No.

(as) Yes.

(at) No.

(au) Yes.

(av) No.

(aw) Yes.

(ax) No.

(ay) Yes.

(az) No.

(ba) Yes.

(bb) No.

(bc) Yes.

(bd) No.

(be) Yes.

(bf) No.

(bg) Yes.

(bh) No.

(bi) Yes.

(bj) No.

(bk) Yes.

(bl) No.

(bm) Yes.

(bn) No.

(bo) Yes.

(bp) No.

(bq) Yes.

(br) No.

(bs) Yes.

(bt) No.

(bu) Yes.

(bv) No.

(bw) Yes.

(bx) No.

(by) Yes.

(bz) No.

(ca) Yes.

(cb) No.

(cc) Yes.

(cd) No.

(ce) Yes.

(cf) No.

(cg) Yes.

(ch) No.

(ci) Yes.

(cj) No.

(ck) Yes.

(cl) No.

(cm) Yes.

(cn) No.

(co) Yes.

(cp) No.

(cq) Yes.

(cr) No.

(cs) Yes.

(ct) No.

(cu) Yes.

(cv) No.

(cw) Yes.

(cx) No.

(cy) Yes.

(cz) No.

(da) Yes.

(db) No.

(dc) Yes.

(dd) No.

(de) Yes.

(df) No.

(dg) Yes.

(dh) No.

(di) Yes.

(dj) No.

(dk) Yes.

(dl) No.

(dm) Yes.

(dn) No.

(do) Yes.

(dp) No.

(dq) Yes.

(dr) No.

(ds) Yes.

(dt) No.

(du) Yes.

(dv) No.

(dw) Yes.

(dx) No.

(dy) Yes.

(dz) No.

(ea) Yes.

(eb) No.

(ec) Yes.

(ed) No.

(ee) Yes.

(ef) No.

(eg) Yes.

(eh) No.

(ei) Yes.

(ej) No.

(ek) Yes.

(el) No.

(em) Yes.

(en) No.

(eo) Yes.

(ep) No.

(eq) Yes.

(er) No.

(es) Yes.

(et) No.

(eu) Yes.

(ev) No.

(ew) Yes.

(ex) No.

(ey) Yes.

(ez) No.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

A BEADED BLOUSE IN BLACK

MATERIALS:

Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 20 (20 grm.).
7 (8, 9) balls selected colour.
3 ozs knitting beads.
3 small Black buttons.
1 pair each Milwards 'Disc' knitting needles No. 18 and 14.
1 stitch holder.

TENSION:

11 sts and 18 rows=1 in. (2.5 cm.).

MEASUREMENTS:

To fit Bust 34 (35, 36) in. (86.4, 89, 91.4 cm.).
Length from shoulder 19½ in. (49.5 cm.). Instructions for larger sizes are given in brackets.

ABBREVIATIONS:

K—knit; P—purl; st(s)—stitch(es); st. st.—stocking stitch; Bead One—push up one bead as close as possible to next stitch and purl one st.

DIRECTIONS

There are four strict rules to be followed when knitting garments with Coats Mercer-Crochet cotton. Knit firmly and evenly. Prepare an accurate tension sample before commencing the garment. Press to shape and given measurements while damp. Sew neatly to achieve smooth seam lines.

To achieve a firm, regular tension, the stitches must be tight on the needles. To obtain this, wind the yarn twice round the little finger and never stop knitting in the middle of a row.

Note:

Tension Sample.
It is most important to knit a tension sample first, as on it will depend the accuracy of the final measurements. Work a tension sample, 2 in. (5 cm.) square, following the pattern. Dip the sample in water or a slight starch solution, roll in a towel to remove the surplus moisture, then pin it out, wrong side upwards, on a piece of graph paper, matching the straight of the knitting to the vertical and horizontal lines of the graph paper. Press firmly with a medium hot iron on a dry cloth until the sample is dry. Count out and mark with pins 1 in. (2.5 cm.) vertically and horizontally in the centre of the sample. If the number of stitches and rows is

different from that quoted as the correct tension of the garment, the tension of the knitting must be altered and a new sample produced.

BACK

With No. 14 needles, cast on 144 (152, 160) sts. Work in rib (K1, P1) for 4 in. (10 cm.).

Change to No. 18 needles and work in st. st., increasing one st at beginning and end of 5th and every following 6th row until there are 176 (184, 192) sts on needle. Continue without increasing until work measures 16½ in. (39.5 cm.) from beginning.

Back Opening (Right Side)

K22 (20, 100) sts, put remaining sts on to a stitch holder, turn and work on first 22 (20, 100) sts.

1st Row: K8, P to end.
2nd Row: K.
Repeat these last 2 rows 4 times more, then work 2 button-hole rows as follows:
1st Row: K3, cast off 2 sts, K next 2, P to end.
2nd Row: K, cast on 2 sts over cast off sts.
Work 18 rows in st. st., keeping 6 sts in garter st at centre neck. Make another buttonhole on next 2 rows, work 13 rows, ending at sleeve edge.

Shoulder Shaping

Change to No. 14 needles, join on cotton threaded with beads.
1st Row: Cast off 5 sts, K next 15, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 9 sts, P1, K8.
2nd Row: K8, P to end.
3rd Row: Cast off 5 sts, K next 10, P1, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 8 sts, K8.
4th Row: K8, P to end.
5th Row: Cast off 5 sts, K next 5, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 8 sts, K8.
6th Row: K8, cast off 2 sts, K next 2, P to end.
7th Row: Cast off 5 sts, K next 5, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 8 sts, K8.
8th Row: K8, P to end. Cast off.

Back Opening (Left Side)

Slip sts off stitch holder on to No. 18 needles, cast on 8 sts, K to end.

1st Row: P to last 8 sts, K8.
2nd Row: K.
Repeat these last 2 rows until work measures same as Right Side, ending at sleeve edge.

Shoulder Shaping

Change to No. 14 needles. Join on cotton threaded with beads.
1st Row: Cast off 5 sts, P to last 8 sts, K8.
2nd Row: K8, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 15 sts, K15.
3rd Row: Cast off 5 sts, P to last 8 sts, K8.
4th Row: K8, P1, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 11 sts, P1, K10.
5th Row: Cast off 5 sts, P to last 5 sts, K8.
6th Row: K8, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 5 sts, K5.



7th Row: Cast off 5 sts, P to last 8 sts, K8.
8th Row: K8, P1, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 11 sts, K11.
9th Row: P to last 8 sts, K8. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as for Back until work measures 13½ in. (34.3 cm.).

Neck Shaping

K70, cast off 36 (44, 52), K to end, continue on these 70 sts.
1st Row: P.
2nd Row: Cast off 2 sts, K to end.
Repeat these 2 rows until 2 sts remain. Cast off.
Join cotton at neck edge to remaining 70 sts.
1st Row: Cast off 2 sts, P to end.

2nd Row: K.
Repeat these last 2 rows until 2 sts remain. Cast off.

BEADED YOKE

Pin out piece separately. Damp and press. (Do not press ribbing).

Thread approx. 400 beads on to a ball of cotton. (When these beads are knitted off, break cotton and thread on another 400 beads). Push beads well down cotton then with right side of Front facing, pick up and knit 177 (185, 193) sts, round front yoke, P back.

1st Row: P3, * sl 3 sts purl-wise, push up 7 beads, P1; repeat from * to last 2 sts, P2.
2nd and every alternate Row: P.
3rd Row: P1, * P3, bead 1; repeat from * to last 4 sts, P4.

5th Row: P2, * bead 1, P3; repeat from * to last 3 sts, bead 1, P2.
7th Row: As 3rd row.
8th Row: As 5th row.
10th Row: P3 (7, 3), * P2 tog, P8; repeat from * to last 6 (12, 0) sts, P2 tog, P4 (8, 4).

11th Row: P.
12th and every alternate Row: P.

13th Row: P4 (4, 3), repeat from * on first row to last 3 (3, 2) sts, P3 (3, 2).
15th Row: P2 (2, 1), repeat from * on 3rd row to last 5 (5, 4) sts, P5 (5, 4).
17th Row: P3 (3, 2), repeat from * on 5th row to last 4 (4, 3) sts, bead 1, P3 (3, 2).
18th Row: As 15th row.

21st Row: As 17th row.
22nd Row: P3 (7, 3), * P2 tog, P5; repeat from * to last 5 (5, 5) sts, P2 tog, P3 (7, 3).
Change to No. 14 needles.

Neck Edge
1st Row: P1, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 2 sts, P2.
2nd Row: P.
3rd Row: P2, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 3 sts, P3.
4th Row: P.
Repeat these last 4 rows once more. Cast off.

ARM BANDS

Back stitch shoulder seams. Measure 8 in. (20.5 cm.) from shoulder down front and 8 in. (20.5 cm.) down back at sleeve edges and mark with pins.
With No. 14 needles and right side of work facing, (using cotton threaded with beads) pick up and knit 155 sts from pin to pin. Purl back.
1st Row: P1, * P1, bead 1; repeat from * to last 2 sts, P2.
2nd Row: K2 tog, P to last 2 sts, K2 tog.
Repeat these last 2 rows 5 times more. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Back stitch side seams and ends of arm bands. Stitch down under flap of back opening. Sew on buttons.
Press seams.

Even On Sark The Money-Bug Gets You . . . By VERONICA PAPWORTH

SCRATCH any serious City-bound gentleman waiting for the 8.15 train and what do you find? Just below the surface lurks a pioneer Boy Scout longing to be let out.

Give him half a chance to get away from it all—to find an island in the sun, an acre or two of land, and a cow.
He knows he would like it. He has been talking to one who tried it. His name is Edward Skinner.

Ideal life

We met first 10 years ago on Little Sark—a few square miles of blessed plot set, if I remember rightly, in a remarkably turbulent sea.

He had had a tough war in the Army, had seen enough of 'civilisation', and planned to become a writer.

With a pretty wife, a cottage at 10s. a week, a typewriter, and practically no income tax, he seemed to me to have the ideal set up.

He had grown a beard and made inquiries for a cow.

Goodness, how I envied her—the wife, I mean—as I boarded the boat for the mainland.

I have thought of them many times since—with envy, and suffered many attacks of "islanditis".

I have remembered the stepping stones to that tiny paradise—the little, low, house, the peace, the nothingness.

A gift . . .

Then, quite by chance, we met again last week.

Going was the old seaman's manner, the board, and the lazy way Mr Skinner's desert island dream was over.

"What was it like?" I asked. "Tell me. What made you come back?"

"To begin with," he said, "it was glorious. But the terrible thing about not having to work is that one slowly loses the urge to."

"Then you remember my artist friend Mervyn. He came over to settle—with a contract from a brewery to do one drawing a week at 30 pounds a week. Well, with the Channel Islands tax it was a gift."

"But could he do it? No."

"I would be found at his cottage early in my dressing-gown, hammering on the door. 'The boat goes today, old boy. Come on now, it's only a couple of hours' work. Get on with it!' But he couldn't."

"We were all too relaxed—that was our trouble. Nothing in the world to needle us."

Stimulated

"I would probably have been there still, but Adrian Seligman was in Sark filming and he persuaded me to go off to Barbados, where he was to make Christopher Columbus."

"It was fascinating," yet I longed to get back to Sark. You see, my old sow was due to make the supreme sacrifice. I was needed. Once back I found I had caught the money-making bug. I had been stimulated—I even wanted to work."

"So we went in for flower farming; succeeded for two years, then hit upon the hottest summer in 84 years and failed."

"By this time we had taken over a bigger house, in three weeks we converted to an hotel. You should have seen me, plumping up the cushions and emptying the ashtrays—the perfect butler."

"We had a little room where we used to go to sleep on old bulb boxes—exhausted. But it got us out of the red."

"Then, suddenly, after eight years, we looked at each other and said, 'Let's go back.'"

"On those first red beds in November . . . that lovely smutty fog . . . that beautiful bus-by smell. It still brings tears to my eyes."

Night shift

And what did he do when he got back?

"I made Swiss rolls on a night shift for five months—me and the B.M.J."

several West End actors. . . No, honestly, I'm not fooling.

"We would work like the devil all night—then off they would go, to be seen around town, after a couple of hours in bed, just 'resting' between shows."

"Me, too—lacking it easy."

"Heavens, what a fiasco."

Now Mr Skinner is a success in the tough business world.

"Any regrets?" I asked him.

"No," said Mr Skinner—"You see, I always meant to try it—and I have."

★ MINES "a woman's world—and what fun it is."

★ I've been high winds making a joke of balloon-backed chemise dresses, just as I predicted they would. Not one woman in a hundred can "get away" with a short, bag-shaped dress.

And don't anybody bother to write and state me for "knowing" current fashion. I'll continue to knock anything that makes fools of us.

★ I've found a shoe shop where I can order a B (medium) fitting for my right foot and a C (wide) for my left foot at a cost of 80s. extra per pair. For years I've thought this should be possible.

And don't anybody bother to call me a freak. Of course I am. Me and thousands like me.

★ I've found time to consider the sad case (reported in the British Medical Journal) of the woman who transferred her affections from George to Fred, but was foolish enough to have visited a tattooist before she changed her mind—an emotional crisis that resulted in hospitalisation and skin grafting to substitute the name.

Did George spare a thought for her? Was Fred suitably surprised? Where did it happen and how did it end?

There is no "See next month" in the B.M.J.

Show Off Valuables To The Best Advantage

A THING of beauty may not be a joy forever, if the lighting is wrong.

Many art enthusiasts will buy a lovely painting or piece of statuary with pleasure, only to learn, when they get home with their prize, that it doesn't look quite the same as it did in the art gallery. The same is true of tapestries, draperies and other decorative furnishings where colour is important.

It is interesting to note that, despite the emphasis on the casual way of doing things,

more and more people are buying art objects to add a new dimension of beauty to the home.

PROFESSIONAL JOB

Art gallery men are past masters at the art of lighting, we're told. They know that a properly lit work of art will be much more appreciated by their customers and, so, they go all out to make a professional job of the lighting effects.

Since art objects and paintings are accents, they should be used, sparingly or else the

effect is lost. Normally, there should be no more than one accent per wall.

GROUP ACCENTS

It is usually more effective to group accents together, such as a row of small paintings, or a cluster of figurines. Make sure the lighting is broad enough to cover the object. You can experiment with lighting before permanently mounting or placing the figure. Move the light back and forth and from side to side to make sure the illumination falls where you want it. Also, shield the light properly so that it falls on the picture

or art object, not into the eyes of the viewer.

HIGHLIGHT OBJECTS

If you have a favourite painting, water colour or drawing, there are two good ways to highlight it.

One is to mount a bullet-type spotlight on the ceiling about three feet out from the wall. These spotlights are adjustable so that they can be properly focussed on the painting.

Double bullet spotlights can be used where you have a pair of paintings to hang side by side.

Another good way is to mount

a wall bracket—a wooden board extending six inches from the wall—one foot above the painting. This conceals a fluorescent tube which casts a soft, diffuse light on the painting below. A cool white tube should be used for choice.

A variety of lighting techniques can be used for statuary, figurines and other art objects. A particularly impressive piece can be set by itself on a low table in a corner and lighted by an off-centre ceiling fixture, hung one or two feet over the object.

—By ELEANOR ROSS

Here it is...and naturally by Revlon! THE FIRST NON-STICKY HAIR SPRAY!



Now...Revlon's improved 'SATIN-SET' holds curl in place softly... without sticky resins!

First you spray. Then comb to stay! It's that simple to have satin-soft, satin-bright curl that lasts all day!

You might have known that if there were a way to leave out sticky, gummy resins, Revlon would find it first! Now you can curl your hair and keep it neat without stickiness. Hair is soft... soft... soft and smooth! And satin-bright because 'Satin-Set' leaves no flakes to dull your hair's pretty shine!



© 1958



ABOVE: The annual 42-mile Walkathon around Hong Kong Island was won by a deaf and dumb student last week. Choi Len-keung, soon breasting the tape at the finish line, strode around the Colony in under eight hours, despite a blistering 90-degree heat wave. At left, one of the contestants grimaces in pain as his leg is massaged for cramp.



RIGHT ABOVE: Mr Frank H. Higgins (right), U.S. Assistant Secretary of the Army (Logistics) arrived in Hong Kong in the course of an inspection tour of American and Allied bases in the Pacific.

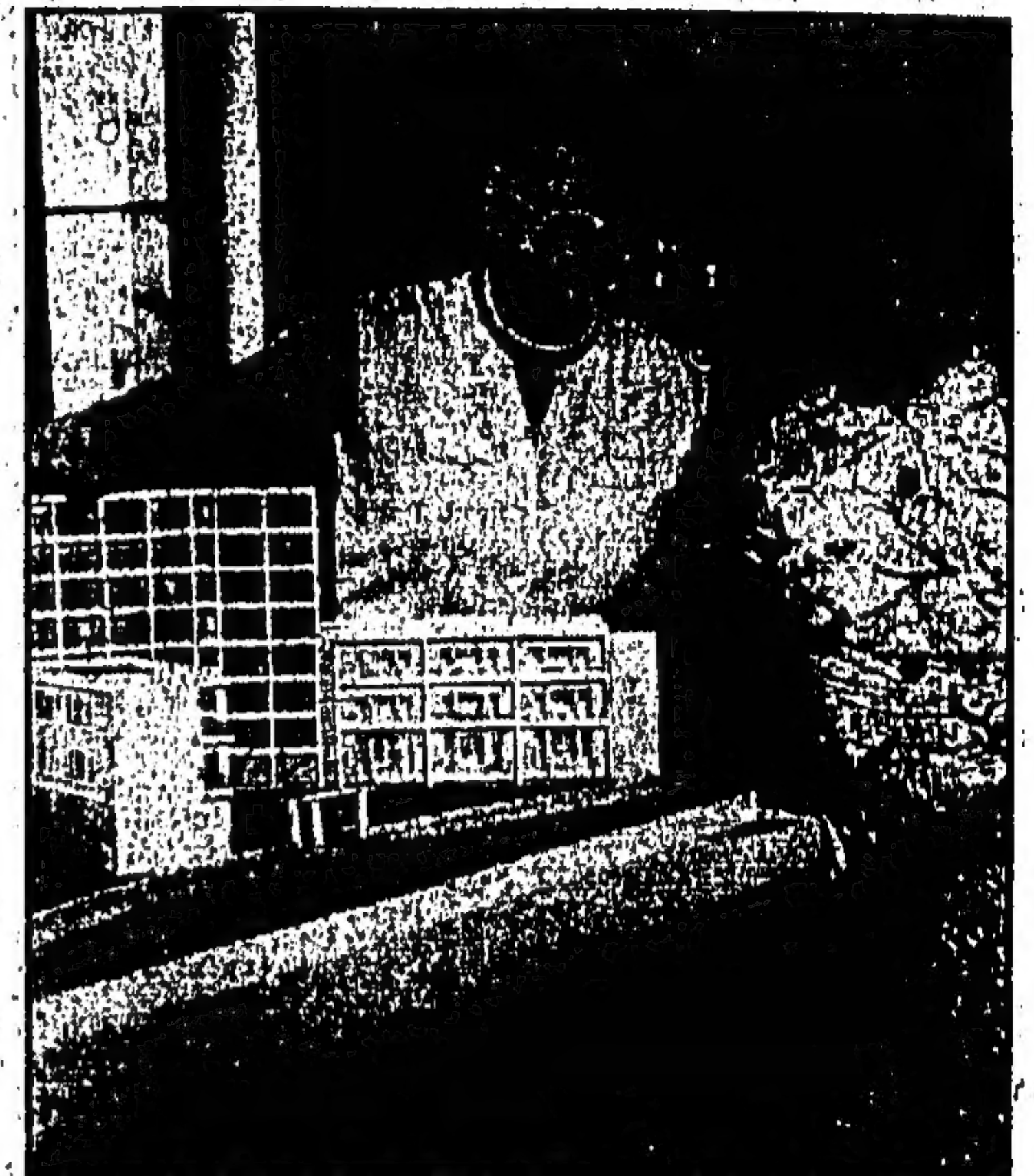


ABOVE: Mr Fung Ping-fan presenting a medalion and certificate to Mr Choi Hee, a life saver, at the Urban Council chamber last week. Five others were recipients of certificates and bronze medals of the Royal Life Saving Society.

BELOW: A large gathering of members of the Diocesan Old Boys' Association gave a farewell dinner for Mr V. V. Kolatchoff, Hon. Joint Secretary of the Association, on Monday. Mr Kolatchoff, former sports editor of the China Mail, is leaving for Europe to join Agence France-Presse.



ABOVE: H.E. the Governor chats with Mr Eduardo L. Rosal, the Consul-General for the Philippines, at the Philippines Independence Day cocktail reception at Repulse Bay last Friday. Flanking them are Lady Black (left) and Mrs Rosal.



RIGHT: Mrs Joyce Symons, headmistress of the Diocesan Girls' School, points out an interesting feature in the new buildings the school is building under the centenary expansion programme. The DGS was founded in 1860.



ABOVE: Madame Luz Magasaysay, widow of the late President of the Philippines (second from right) and her daughter, Mila (second from left), arrived in Hong Kong earlier this week on the first leg of a world tour. They are pictured with friends at Kai Tak Airport.



ABOVE: A backstage snap during the presentation of Euripides' comedy "The Cyclops," last week by the Diocesan Boys' School Drama Committee. One of the cast helps trim another's "beard," while Cyclops looks on.

See
HONGKONG
AND MACAO
by

**AMERLOYD
TOURS**

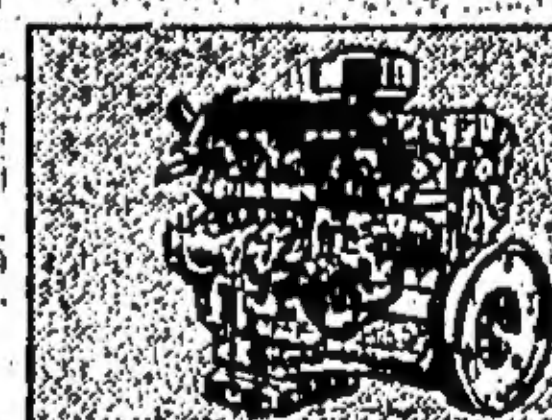
AMERICAN LLOYD TRAVEL SERVICE, LTD.
CENTRAL BLDG. • HONGKONG
TOURS DEPT.
ASTOR HOTEL • KOWLOON.



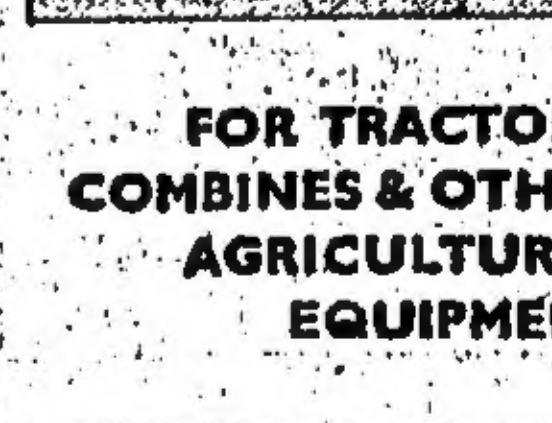
FIVE of the Colony's lawn bowls representatives for the British Empire Games left for Britain last Saturday. Left to right in the above group are Messrs A. F. Pereira, M. B. Hassan, R. M. Hetherington (Hon. Sec. of the HKLBA), R. F. de Luz (Captain), the Hon. C. E. Terry, A. E. Coates and C. G. Mc...

WORLD-WIDE DIESELIZATION

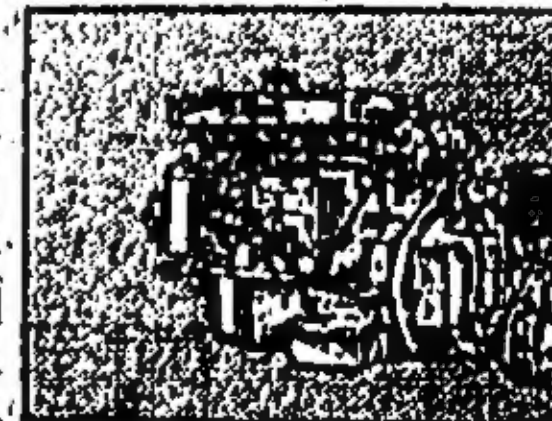
425 PERKINS DIESEL APPLICATIONS
IN OVER 145 DIFFERENT COUNTRIES



FOR GOODS & PAS-
SENGER VEHICLES,
AND COMMERCIAL
AND PRIVATE
MOTOR CARS



FOR TRACTORS,
COMBINES & OTHER
AGRICULTURAL
EQUIPMENT



FOR PRIVATE
AND COMMERCIAL
MARINE CRAFT



FOR ALL KINDS OF
INDUSTRIAL POWER
APPLICATIONS



GILMAN & CO. LTD.
Engineering Dept. Tel. 2111



ABOVE: Sergeant and Mrs. E. J. Creeke pose with attendants after their marriage at Sak Kong Church last week.—Mainland.



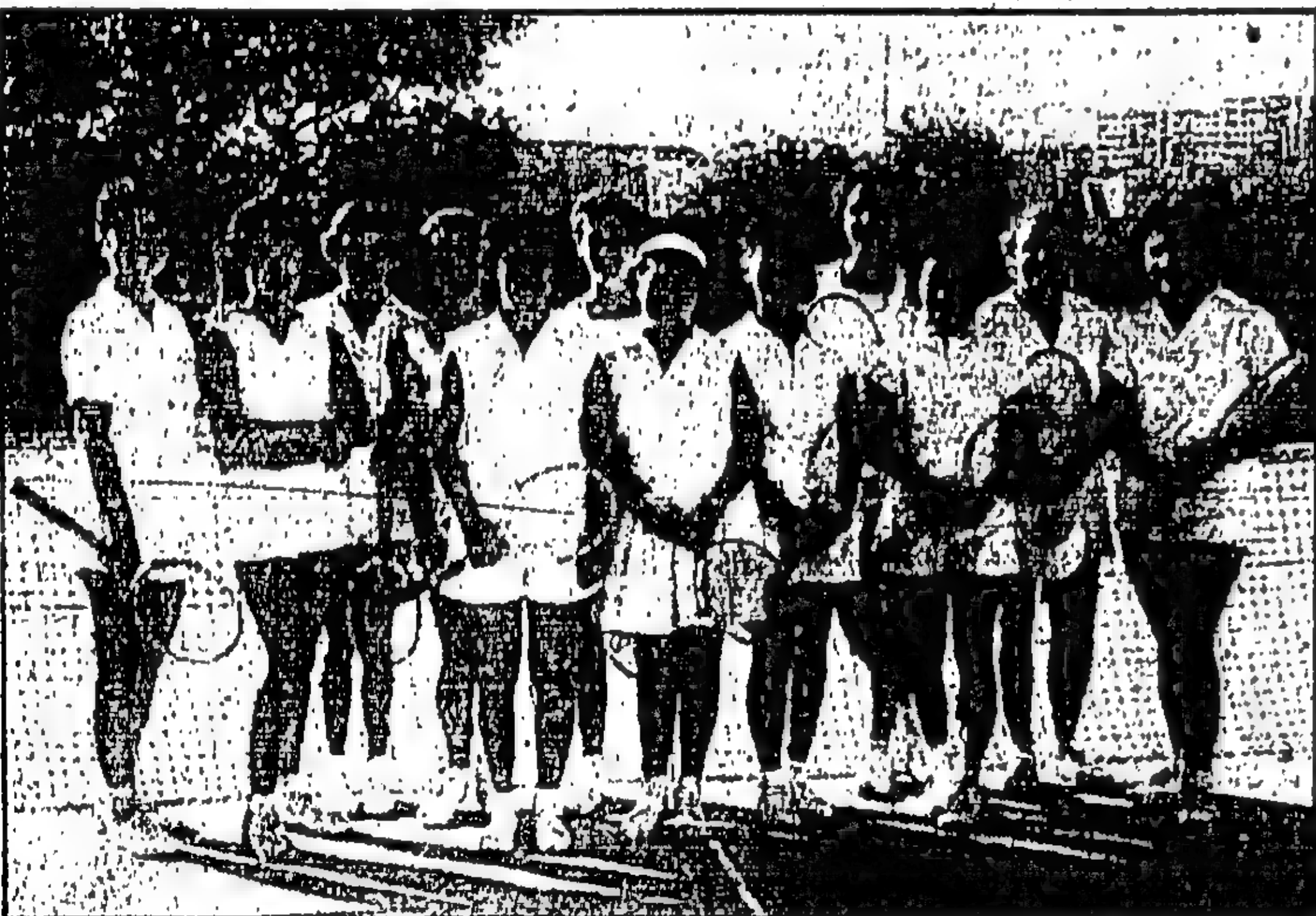
RIGHT: Mr and Mrs. Eric Mackenzie dodge a shower of confetti following their wedding at Christ Church, Kowloon, last week.



LEFT: Mr and Mrs. S. Hanford, of the Hay Ling Chau Leprosarium, after their wedding at Union Church last week.—Ming Yuen.



RIGHT: Lieutenant and Mrs. G. Cattormole were married at St Joseph's Church last Friday.—Mainland.



ABOVE: South China won the Ladies' "A" Division league tennis championship last week by beating USRC in the deciding match of the tournament by 5½ points to 3½. This group photograph of the teams was taken at the USRC courts.

BELOW: Mr A. Morrison, Senior Superintendent of Traffic, gives professional driving instructors a lecture on the importance of observing and teaching their pupils the Highway Code. This was a lecture in conjunction with the Traffic Department's "Safety Week."

BELOW: Mr A. "Jock" Sloan of Rediffusion (center) interviews Capt. P. H. B. O'Meara (left), Adjutant 1st East Lancashire Regiment, and Capt. P. D. Greig, Adjutant 1st South Lancashire Regiment, on the occasion of the amalgamation of the two regiments to form the Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales Volunteers). The interview appeared on television.



ABOVE: Miss Sheila Ogilvie, Assistant Labour Adviser at the Colonial Office, is interviewed on her arrival at Kai Tak Airport on Tuesday. She is here on a special mission to investigate working conditions in Hongkong following the recent furor over the Hongkong-Lancashire textile problem. Miss Ogilvie said she would not make a comparison between conditions in the Colony and those in Britain as "every country has different labour conditions. I'm just trying to find out the best conditions people can work under."



RIGHT: Mrs L.G. Morgan, wife of the Acting Director of Education, presents a diploma to one of the graduates of Chung Chi College during a ceremony held at the College Hall in the New Territories this week.



ABOVE: Mr N. C. Chan, President of the HK Football Association, giving a speech during the dinner for the Colony's soccer representatives. At the table (l-r) are: Mr R. Leung, Mr T. Dyer, Major C. H. Macon, and Dr A.M. Rodrigues.



WATCH WESTINGHOUSE

where **BIG** things are happening for **YOU**

YOU CAN BE **SURE**... IF IT'S

Westinghouse

Westinghouse now gives you
"WEATHER - PERFECT LIVING"
with the 1958 all NEW

AIR CONDITIONERS

¾ HP, 1 HP, 1½ HP AND 2-HP MODELS



Sole Agents
DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD.
ALEXANDRA HOUSE
TEL 131299

The Restaurant in Kowloon



THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

FIRST FLOOR, HANSON HOUSE
74-76 NATHAN ROAD, KOWLOON

FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE 68301
OR, AFTER 7 p.m., 68305



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



★ IN PARIS IT'S A BLUE AND WHITE SUMMER



A CERTAIN WINNER AT THE RACES

WELL maybe it was and maybe it wasn't

Black and White Ascot. What is certain is that it's a Blue and White Summer in Paris.

Yes BLUE... the colour the men like... the colour to match your eyes... the colour the buyers say they can't fail to sell... the colour that's been "pretty-pretty" and therefore unsuited for a long time.

It's high fashion these days. And every possible shade of blue has turned out to greet the Paris sunshine.

DEMACHY sends us a sketch—after the races—from the Pavillon Dauphine in the Bois de Boulogne.

On the left is Balmain's white shantung dress with blue coin dots—worn with a wide white leather belt and a chip straw hat.

Then there's Givenchy's turquoise wool dress with the belt high under the bust line.

Next comes Patou's misty blue printed taffeta—all shades—worn with a dark blue silk and wool coat.

And in the background? Carven's blue shantung with white dots.

If He's Married To A Hobby... Let Him Stay That Way!

MY sympathies—and I'm sure every other woman's, too—go to the 26-year-old wife who got a divorce from the husband whose ruling passion was his motor-cycle.

She felt she had been married for just six years too long to a machine.

I wonder how many more marriages have foundered on the rocks of a husband's hobby? I say husband's hobby rather than wife's because women's hobbies never make quite so much noise. Scarcely a bore the clicking of knitting needles.

It is the sheer frustration of one's mate (very busy pasting stamps, or cross-eyed over petting point—and I do know a man whose passion this is)—which is, in itself, exasperating.

NO END

Any such preference for the inanimate as opposed to the human is a bore, an insult to one's own company.

Some men even take to "do it yourself" for want, so to speak, of anything better to do. A newly fixed bathroom, all for free, can be poor compensation to the woman who spends evening after evening with a library book, listening to the roar of a steel drill against plate glass, and who has to clean up the mess on the floor the next morning.

Maybe it would not be so bad if it were to stop at the bathroom. But once a man has his work bench and his gadgets, it is unlikely to cease until he has had the drill into every piece of

JUST CONSIDER... HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT WHAT A HUSBAND COULD BE LIKE WITHOUT ONE?

by DOONE BEAL

furniture and polished every piano surface in the house—that's before your friends and neighbours suggest he starts on theirs.

Before you know it, you're married to an unpaid carpenter. Nor can we omit some reference to the huge chapter of soured relationships due to the family car. Here, at least, the wife enjoys the participating benefit of passenger. But is it quite necessary, one has sometimes wondered, for all Sunday mornings to be spent polishing the paintwork and cleaning the plugs?

The appearance of the car is usually in inverse ratio to the good-humoured wife.

STILL BOYS

I am not one of those who are indulgent about men being "such children." Any woman who looks to collecting dolls as an obsessive hobby would have suggested to her, very gently, a chat with a psychiatrist.

But men are allowed to remain in a glorious state of arrested mental development when it comes to trains. Somehow it is quite in order—per-

haps they work off some potentially nastier impulse by being able to stage a full-scale crash?

I know of a toy-train widow who had to buy a TV set in self-defence. It was at her own small cocktail party that she made this confession. "Trains?" echoed the men. "You mean you've got a model railway?" It cleared the room of males in five seconds flat.

PHILISTINES?

What about the "economics of a hobby? I would not show any visible rapture about a collection of antique scissors or Georgian candle snuffers if I were budgeting the butcher's bill down to the last penny.

And the same principle applies where bigger money is involved on both sides. An art dealer friend told me how he dreaded wives in his galleries, unless they had been the ones to choose the picture. Disapproving, they teeter in the wake of their man-with-a-mission.

"They queer the sale every time," he told me. "Where that kind of money is involved they want rocks before the Renoirs."

Philistine? Perhaps. Not that my sympathy is entirely with the women. The girl who, at the courtship stage, is enraptured by all and waits her chance to play cricket, cannot justifiably turn round and tell



If you are married to a roller... go out and take some lessons.

him just how much it bores her after they are married.

And I have less sympathy still with the golf widows. If you are married to a dedicated golfer, the best thing you can do is to go out and take some lessons.

Wear him away from his pastime? Unless it is done, briefly and brutally at the beginning ("It or me"), it is usually a hollow victory. Peril and disconsolate, he feels too

punished to be an amusing companion. And to spend an afternoon with a man who is thinking about cricket is probably more painful than to watch him play it.

The truth of the matter is that you cannot compete with your husband's hobby. Like his income or your future mother-in-law, all you can hope to do in an imperfect world, is find out about it before it's too late.

(London Express Service).

It Was A Very Tough Wimbledon!

By VERONICA PAPWORTH

If there's one thing that's guaranteed to give me the plain, unvarnished pip it's a ball game. Any ball game.

I've tried—oh how I've tried—to get excited over football. Both kinds.

I've learned to shout "Feed, feed," and "Foul—send him off, ref!" but I can't cope.

With the best of intentions to my host I did my damndest to whip up a show of enthusiasm over the Red Sox v. Senators in Washington.

I doubt if I'd have stayed awake if it hadn't been for the anticipation of a hot dog in the interval.

And when it came there was so much mustard with it that I was jiving, till 2.30 the following morning.

But where, tell me, where comes the thrill in sporting sport?

I said "maybe"

If I could be right out there with them maybe I'd love it. I said "maybe."

So there I've been at Wimbledon spotting smart-looking girls among the spectators for the B.B.C. TV, and returning home to have all my chums exclaiming: "Don't say you have a pass and you didn't use it! You didn't see Christine Truman, or that superb man Nielsen, or those gold lame pants!"

"Dorling, you need to have your head examined." Could be—could be.

Meanwhile, I've been around with Sylvia Peters—the pair of us trailing these really well-dressed women.

But to say the smart ones were really with us. No one seems to know quite what to wear for Wimbledon.

Is it a sporting event or the next best thing to a garden party?

I'd plump for the former, but a garden party of the white-clothed variety to the head seems to suggest the latter.

YOUR BIRTHDAY... BY STELLA

SATURDAY, JULY 12

BORN today, you are an original thinker, and are independent of others. You want to go your own way and are not going to be regimented into doing things. You are a natural scholar and only things of the mind really interest you. It cannot be said that you are a person of great physical activity, for actually you are a little lazy when it comes to using your muscles. But when it comes to using your brain, you are quite the opposite.

Although you have a good head for business, you are not too much interested in material success. You realise that having enough money is a good idea, but you're not going to forfeit the cultural and intellectual interests you enjoy most for the sake of mere wealth.

You enjoy having something going on most of the time. You have a great horror of being bored and are always investigating something new and interesting. Actually, you find excitement in things which might not be evident to others who are less active. You are fond of nature and find great excitement in the mysteries of the unseen and the unknown. You are fond of all animal life and have a way with them. You probably would be able to train your pets beyond average accomplishment.

You are home-loving and affectionate and will want your own family at an early age. Well while young so that you may have the pleasure of your own home circle. You women make exceptionally understanding mothers and your children will return your devotion.

Among those born on this date are: George Eastman, inventor; Henry David Thoreau, naturalist and author; Andrew Horatio Reeder, first Governor of the Kansas territory; Barry Faulkner, painter and educator and Clara Louise Kellogg, operatic soprano. To what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JULY 13

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—After your morning devotions, spend the balance of the day in friendly sociability. Meet with close friends and relatives.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You will find that spiritual values are important to your peace of mind. Seek spiritual guidance for your problems.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Indulge in relaxing recreation suitable to the day. A change of scenery may prove highly refreshing.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—News from the distance may influence your plans for the next few days and bring harmony into your life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Things may look fine on the surface, but it behooves you to see that all is well underneath the surface.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Take this day out for rest, contemplation and spiritual guidance if something is perplexing you.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Things should run smoothly today if you don't attempt to do too much. Make this a time for relaxing tensions. Let's see.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—This is your best Sunday of the month, so take full advantage of all that is offered now. Optimism is rampant.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Make no commitment for today. Let this be a pleasantly relaxing Sunday. Renew energies for the coming week.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Rest the mind as well as the body today. Make no social commitments. Stay at home with the family.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—A cloud of confusion, which may have been thick in the air, is thinning out and by tomorrow will be clear sailing.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Spiritual values are important for your well-being and happiness for the balance of the month. A fine day.

SUNDAY, JULY 13

BORN today, you have a magnetic personality and one which is highly adaptable to all rapidly-changing circumstances. You are able to adjust easily to any environment, and know how to meet various types of people. Something of a psychologist, you are able to figure out underlying motivations, although they may be deeply hidden. You have good common sense, and once you have made up your mind on a subject, you remain firm to your ideal. This is one aspect in which you are not changeable.

You enjoy travelling and will want to explore unknown places. You are musical and probably will play some instrument well. Even if you do not train as a professional musician, you will always have your music to enjoy for your own pleasure.

Your emotions are near the surface and you are demonstrative in showing them. You are kindly, sympathetic and understanding. You women would make fine nurses and teachers. You are fond of children and know how to handle them. You will make fine mothers and if you wed fairly late in life, you will have a family of your own to raise and manage.

You men are suited to public life and might do well in politics. You also would be successful in selling jobs, for you have an outgoing personality which is an asset in such work. You would probably also do well in advertising or promotion, for you know how to present ideas attractive to the public.

Among those born on this date are: John Jacob Astor 4th, capitalist and inventor; Robert Bridges, author and critic; Mary Emma Woolley, educator and president of Mount Holyoke College; Sidney Webb, economist; James Harris Rogers, communications inventor; and John Doe, mathematician.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JULY 14

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Domestic and family matters now come into the spotlight. An approaching their climax, but still uncurrent of uncertainty needs clarifying.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Proceed with caution. There are difficulties that you must solve before going full steam ahead.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There is progress in the air but avoid taking any risks which might jeopardise your future welfare.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—The domestic budget may be giving you some trouble today, but if you are careful, you can handle it wisely.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Remain on your guard against the unexpected. Everything looks promising, but the under-tow is still there.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—A glittering day—but test everything for the basic facts before committing yourself.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Important matters are approaching their climax, but still be careful in making your decisions. Look before you leap.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Put on those rose-coloured glasses today. Take a positive point of view; be optimistic. Act wisely and all is well.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Domestic and business affairs are so intermixed that it is almost impossible to separate them. Don't try to.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Some member of your family may receive a public honour. Accept congratulations graciously.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Routine business and family affairs go smoothly, but postpone important changes for another, still better day.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can succeed now just about what you want to. Follow your previously-made plans carefully and get ahead.

Keep them out!

The strongest and most persistent insect killer ever!

WHO was the Girl of the Wimbledon Week? Sitting at lunch I asked TV commentator Peter and Michael Henderson and producer Humphrey Fisher. With almost one breath they cried—"The little Bongo."

"So gentle at first," said Michael, "then suddenly she unleashes a scorching series of volleys. Fascinating."

"A delicious little creature," said Peter, "and a spectacular player. She's a smashing sensation under that calm surface."

"And what a cliff," said Humphrey.

Hollywood bath scene goes primitive!

IN ERSKINE CALDWELL'S
'GOD'S LITTLE ACRE' NEW
GIRL SHOWS NEW TREND

by DAVID LEWIN

WITH the film version of Erskine Caldwell's story "God's Little Acre," a picture which is likely to generate as much excitement as did Tennessee Williams's "Baby Doll," Hollywood takes a new step in the evolution of the Bath Scene.

I nearly said a step forward. But it is not that.

Languid.

For the 1958 bath scene has gone primitive. In "God's Little Acre," coming to London this summer, it presents 23-year-old actress Fay Spain in a tiny old tub set up in the grounds of a broken-down farm in the Deep South of America.

The scene which makes the audience look up the cast list for the girl's name shows the unknown Miss Spain languidly stretching

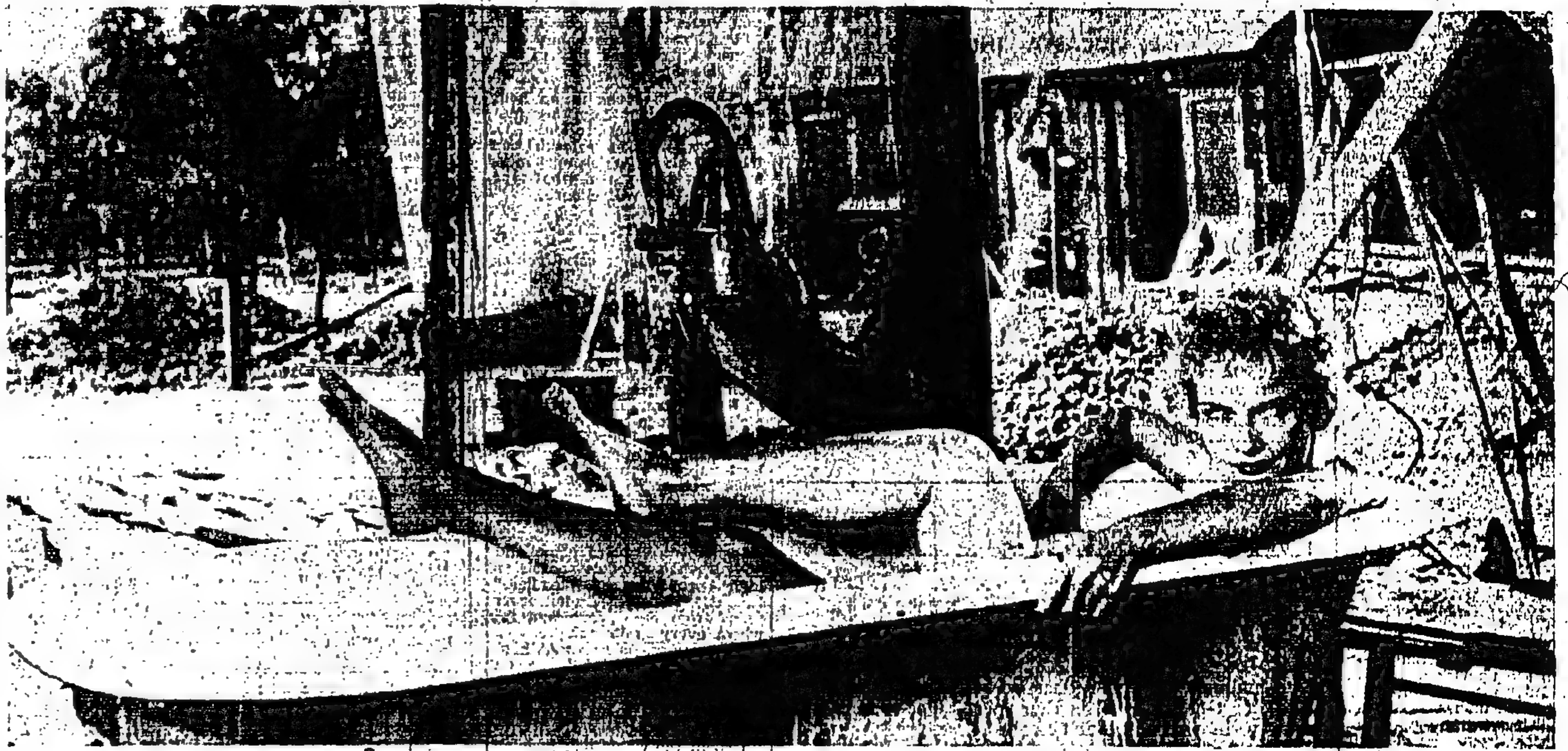
her toes in the luscious sun of a hot Georgia afternoon.

But the idea of the primitive bath goes back longer than Miss Spain has been alive. Back in fact to 1932 when the late Jean Harlow was trying to get off some of the grime squatting in an oil barrel in the film "Red Dust."

Since 1919, when Cecil B. DeMille plunged Gloria Swanson into a bath for "Male and Female," Hollywood has been fascinated by the public bath scene. It enables the cinema to present girls, glamour, and good health.

Most of the time—except for the primitive moments—Hollywood and DeMille have done more to show off good bathroom plumbing than a drove of public health inspectors.

Now comes Fay Spain and "God's Little Acre" to demonstrate the latest in a long line of variations.



Latest slant on a time-honoured ritual—the new incumbent lounging in the old tub is Fay Spain.



1919: The sponge makes history. Gloria Swanson starts a tradition.



1924: when mud was the latest beauty aid for "The Perfect Flapper"—Phyllis Haver.



1932: Rendezvous for Jean Harlow, Gable, and oil barrel.



1933: The high-water mark of ablutions in the grand manner. Benita Hume bathes. Adolphe Menjou remains impassive.



1930: Rosalind Russell scrubs. Joan Crawford in "The Women."

Wash colour
into your hair



with
Helena Rubinstein's

GLORIOUSLY GAY

Colour-Tone Shampoos

Blonde-Tone Shampoo—retards darkening action of time. Keeps hair from looking drab. Lends golden gleam and makes hair look blonder. Recommended for blonde, or light brown hair.

Silver-Tone Shampoo—for grey or white hair and for silvery-blondes. Creates the illusion of shining silver in hair that is grey, drab or lifeless looking. Helps eliminate yellow streaks; adds a bluish white cast that brings out exquisite silver tints.

Brunette-Tone Shampoo—gives black or dark brown hair a glorious satin sheen; replaces dull, rusty look with new depth and highlights. Blends in sun-discoloured ends to even, glossy beauty.

Rose Shere Shampoo—for those who do not wish to tint. SILK SHINE SHAMPOO brings hair new life and lovely silken sheen. Makes it beautifully soft and amenable to setting. Recommended for every hair shade and type and for all members of the family.

Free Consultation:
Miss DIANA MA
(Beauty Specialist, Helena Rubinstein Institute, London, Paris)

Salon d'OR
Room 103, Yu To Sang Bldg.,
Queen's Rd., C.
Hong Kong.
Telephone: 21417.



Belinda Lee the defiant

*'If they dictate to me I'll leave
Britain and work abroad'*

By JOHN LAMBERT

BELINDA LEE, recently on holiday in Rome with Prince Filippo Orsini, may find that her British film career with the Rank Organisation has spluttered out on returning home. A close associate of John Davis, the man who hires and fires the Pinewood Studios stars, told me: "Miss Lee was warned after her last unfortunate visit to Rome, climaxed with publicity about her taking an overdose of drugs, that we cannot tolerate such incidents."

"She may be under contract to us, but we cannot be compelled to give her roles—and risk big film budgets—in such circumstances."

Belinda's reply was blazing defiance. "My private life is none of your business," she said.

And as soon as the last close-ups for her latest film "Nor The Moon by Night" were finished she fled to the Riviera . . . and Prince Orsini.

Now the freeze out is on. Nine months ago, 23-year-old Belinda, of the tawny hair and tiger-like green eyes, was the golden girl

of Pinewood Studios. She made three films with only three days' holiday between them.

CRISIS

Today, with three years of her contract still to run, there is not even a suggestion of starting her in another film.

Roles which might have gone her way have been given to Anne Heywood. Anne, an ambitious brunette, leads a blameless personal life of opening bazaars. Miss Lee remains unrepentant. When I asked her about her career crisis she told me coolly: "That's not the important thing in life for me now . . . but I don't intend to give up acting."

"If the Rank Organisation cannot find roles for me there are plenty of film producers elsewhere who can. I will not have my private life dictated by anybody. . . . I had enough of that in the past."

HER PLAN

Belinda, the girl who once played right wing in the second eleven hockey team of a seaside English girls' school, will be back to face the latest executive suite scum about her private life this month.

She is likely to stun her employers with her current plan for combining her career with her friendship with the prince. She intends to carry on with both by making an Italian-financed film in Mexico . . . with the prince beside her.

LAST ROUND-UP . . .

**Neville wants switch
to comedy parts**

JOHN NEVILLE, the Old Vic matinee idol, is to quit playing Shakespearean parts after his forthcoming American tour.

Says he: "I have been with 'The Bard' for five solid years now. It has been wonderful, exciting experience, but not very lucrative. Now I want a change—preferably to musical comedy."

ERROL FLYNN says: "Whenever a film script is sent to me nowadays the character for me to play is always described as 'a dissolute shadow of his former self.' But in my next film, with Debbie Reynolds, I play a re-

formed drunk. Now THAT will test my new reputation as an actor."

MARLON BRANDO has decided he is too busy personally to produce James Cagney and Anthony Perkins in "Shake Hands With The Devil" in Britain this summer.

So he has signed Britain's Michael Anderson, the man who directed "Around The World In 80 Days," for Mike Todd, to produce and direct the film for him. **PADDY CHAYEFSEY** sent the script of his new film, "The Goddess"—the savage, inside story of the rise to stardom of a sex symbol actress—to Marilyn Monroe.

Why 39 Jewels



A question often asked by those who are not acquainted with the GIRARD-PERREGAUX 39 jewel watch.

Why 39 Jewels



Because the GIRARD-PERREGAUX 39 jewel self-winder is the only watch fitted with the "GYROTRON" (a jewel roller bearing, automatic clutch and rotation inverter, all in one).

Where are the 39 Jewels



Basic movement 17 Jewels
Self-winding mechanism 8 Jewels
2 GYROTRONS 14 Jewels
Total = 39 Jewels

Why does the GYROTRON have jewel rollers



Because they are harder than steel, have a mirror-like finish of utmost precision and will not rust, break or chip.

Advantages of the GYROTRON



Unprecedented simplicity - Quick and full winding - No loss of energy - No wear - Elimination of pawls and springs - No lubrication.



GIRARD-PERREGAUX
CHRONOMETREUR

Creates the First Self-Winding Watch in the world with

39
Jewels
and Gyrotrons

Sole Agents: Gilman & Company Ltd.

HERE COMES A CHOPPER

A SHRIEK OF TYRES, by Douglas Rutherford (*Crime Club*, 10s. 6d.) is all about motor-racing. Silverstone, Le Mans, Monaco, the Mille Miglia, they're all there. Mr. Rutherford describes cars and races with skill, and you're up to 100 mph in no time with a Ferrari sitting on your tail and only 99 laps to go. Cars have been held to symbolise everything from a death-wish to plain old-fashioned sex, so there's never a dull moment. The trouble is, there isn't much crime, either.

MURDER ASSURED, by Michael Halliday (*Hodder and Stoughton*, 12s. 6d.) takes us into the world of insurance broking. Marlow, a struggling young broker too poor to afford a secretary, finds himself hiring a beautiful Canadian girl with a very worried manner. In his bed, Marlow finds a body in his bed, a great deal of evidence against him and a strong suspicion that the girl has lured him on. Mr. Halliday bustles you along from thrill to thrill.

DEATH IS WAITING, by Frank Usher (*John Long*, 11s. 6d.) is all about an attractive young portrait-painter (female) called DayeSmith, a girl who can unmask a gang of international crooks before you can say burnt amber. She had her suspicions of these people on the yacht from the moment her friend Steve Phillips (another girl—watch it!) disappeared, and sure enough, they were after Mussolini's treasure.

SOMEONE FROM THE PAST, by Margot Bennett (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*) is the story of Nancy Graham, who would go and tick up her friend Sarah's fat after Sarah had gone and got herself murdered. Then of course the police came and asked questions and poor Nancy told the most dreadful lies to shield her friends. You remember. But well-trodden though the path may be, Miss Bennett writes brightly and with wit.

NOT SAFE TO BE FREE, by James Hadley Chase (*Robert Hale Ltd.*, 10s. 6d.) takes us to Cannes just in time for the Film Festival. Among those present is—and I quote from the blur—"A young degenerate with a lust to kill." Mr. Chase doesn't specialise in nice people, but he's hot-stuff on nasties and this account of gutter-wealth and gutter-poverty conspiring to shield a psychopathic killer really grips. It may be absurd, I sincerely hope it is, but I couldn't put it down.

J. M.

I TRY TO CATCH A THIEF!

By JOCASTA INNES

To anyone who finds selling fish, umbrellas or toothpaste a strain, my advice is, switch to books.

Selling books, even in the world's largest book store, is a relatively soothing avocation. My day as a salesgirl in Foyle's Fiction Department worked out like this.

At nine a.m. I am given a yellow badge to wear and a featherduster. The next two hours I spend flicking imaginatively through the books and getting to know my colleagues. An international lot these—more than 40 per cent of Foyle's sales staff are foreign students, learning English as they earn.

There is blonde 10-year-old Marianne Hortum from Copenhagen, Klaus Gehring from Stuttgart and breezy Maryjke de Wilde from The Hague.

They all speak good English and are familiar with the titles and authors of every novel published in the last six months. But this is nothing. Busting any dust off bookshelves and getting to know my colleagues. An international lot these—more than 40 per cent of Foyle's sales staff are foreign students, learning English as they earn.

In between frequent breaks for tea I learn about selling

books. The charm of book-selling, I discover, is that instead of chasing the customers you wait till they chase you. This is not a business but good psychology. Book buyers dislike salesmanship.

I sold 12 books in an hour without losing my post in the O-Q section.

An experienced salesgirl can tell at a glance which customers are going to buy, and what type of books they will choose.

Model girl

An elderly, ascetic-looking clergyman walked in. Theology? "Detective stories," said Marianne. He bought six who-dunnits.

The majority of book-buyers, I found, are men. They choose fiction of technical words. Women, Americans in particular, go for Culture. Like the model-girl, hat-box in hand, who asked me for Ellet's Four Quartets.

And the most popular authors? Best-sellers come and go but some writers go on for ever—Dickens, Hardy, Maugham, Woolf, Shaw, Jane Austen, Aldous Huxley.

Customers likewise come and go—although Foyle's boasts a high proportion of "steadies." But one customer who never fades from the scene and for whom every saleswoman keeps a wary eye open is the bookthief.

Daphne had briefed me on their trick—carrying maces, or briefcases, sneaking book-jackets back into the shelves and walking off with the books.

I spent the whole day keeping tabs on people with briefcases, maces and hunted expressions. I made sure there were no empty book-jackets in the O-Q section.

I sold a gratifying number of books. But the headiest thrill of book-selling eluded me. I didn't catch a thief.

BOOKENDS

HERE are some facts about the bookshop which is generally recognised as the world's greatest. The biggest percentage of thefts is from the Theological Department.

① About 17,000 secondhand books, from bulk purchases, are sent weekly for pulping.

② Foyle makes £100 a week selling the stamps on letters from overseas.

③ A third folio Shakespeare, later sold for £200, was found in a sack of books about to be pulped.

④ Most consistent best-sellers are the Bible, the Concise Oxford Dictionary, and Hall and Knight's Algebra.

⑤ A copy of Hamlet in Hindi costs 3s. 6d.; in Japanese the price is 25s.

— Claire Traill

(London Express Service)

She has always aimed high in her choice of speakers. The only guests she somehow never succeeded in cornering with her formidable charm were Hitler, Mussolini and Goering.

But she can lay claim to at least one notorious villain. High—of old-school fame.

"He used to come to a lot of our luncheons, bringing his wealthy widows. He was an intellectual snob, you see. Such a nice-looking man," says Miss Foyle.

— Claire Traill

(London Express Service)

Christina Foyle is now 47, and a power in the trade as well as a pillar of Foyle's—where she holds a very active directorship.

Without the trace of a wrinkle, her forget-me-not eyes as candid as ever, her feminine appeal is undiminished.

So are the bright ideas—the inspired, often outrageous notions that have made her the most controversial figure in the trade.

The Book Clubs—there are now 10 of them—are flourishing.

Miss Foyle. "They wrote such charming refusals—but they were always too busy," she recalls.

But she can lay claim to at least one notorious villain. High—of old-school fame.

"He used to come to a lot of our luncheons, bringing his wealthy widows. He was an intellectual snob, you see. Such a nice-looking man," says Miss Foyle.

— Claire Traill

(London Express Service)

Christina Foyle is now 47, and a power in the trade as well as a pillar of Foyle's—where she holds a very active directorship.

Without the trace of a wrinkle, her forget-me-not eyes as candid as ever, her feminine appeal is undiminished.

So are the bright ideas—the inspired, often outrageous notions that have made her the most controversial figure in the trade.

The Book Clubs—there are now 10 of them—are flourishing.

Miss Foyle. "They wrote such charming refusals—but they were always too busy," she recalls.

But she can lay claim to at least one notorious villain. High—of old-school fame.

"He used to come to a lot of our luncheons, bringing his wealthy widows. He was an intellectual snob, you see. Such a nice-looking man," says Miss Foyle.

— Claire Traill

(London Express Service)

THE FIRST ELEVEN

1 "WHO'S SORRY NOW." Connie Francis. M-G-M.

2 "TOM HARK." Elias and his Zis Zag Jive Flats. Columbia. (2)

3 "STAIRWAY OF LOVE." Michael Holliday. Columbia. (6)

4 "ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE." Vic Damone. Philips. (3)

5 "WITCH DOCTOR." Don Lane. H.M.V. (9)

6 "TULIPS FROM AMSTERDAM." "YOU NEED HANDS." Max Bygraves. Decca. (7)

7 "A WONDERFUL TIME UP THERE." Pat Boone. London. (4)

8 "LOLLIPOP." Madlars. Columbia. (5)

9 "ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DREAM." "CLAUDETTE." Everly Brothers. London. (12)

10 "GRAND COOLIE DAM." Lonnie Donegan. Pye-Nixa. (8)

11 "KEWPIE DOLL." Frankie Vaughan. Philips. (10)

THE TWELFTH MAN "ARMY GAME." Bernard Breslaw, Michael Medwin, Alie Hiss, Lale Fyash. H.M.V. (17)

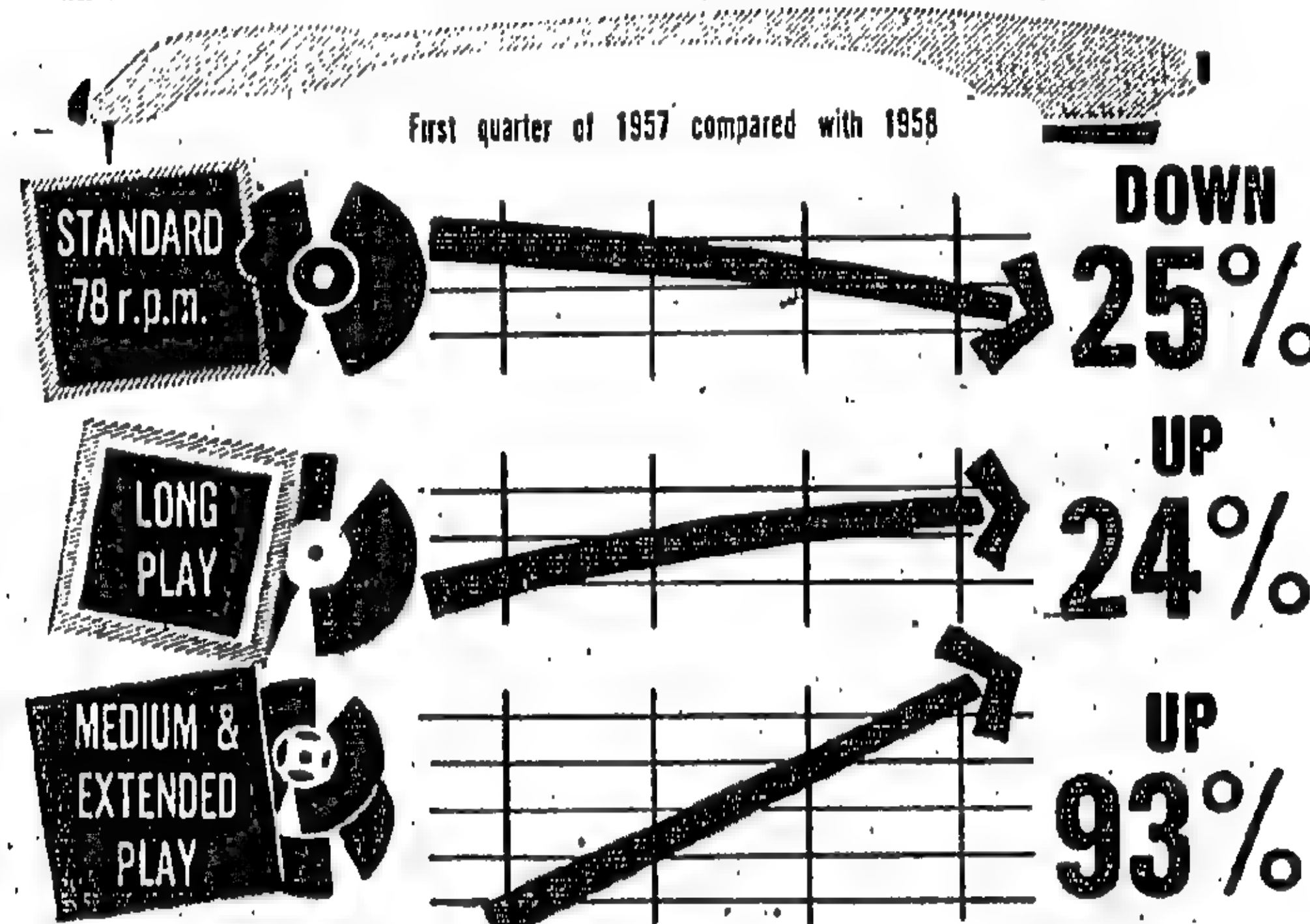
Whistle Stop Special

Here comes Bygraves showing how

By Cyril Stapleton

HERE is your columnist surveying the vagaries of the pop world from a hospital bed. I've been lying here wondering how a British song, sung by a British singer, can ever make the grade in the British Hit Parade.

TODAY'S SPOTLIGHT ON THE DISCS



Michael Rand's graph today illustrates the new trends in public taste which are bringing big changes in the pattern of record sales

To call our best-sellers list "British" is really a wry joke—99 per cent of the records in it are of American songs or American singers.

It wouldn't be so bad if your own songs and singers were given a fair chance. But the odds are stacked against them.

The record companies are convinced that you, the public, prefer American discs. This disc jockeys give preference to the American songs because they feel that you have been conditioned over the years to want them.

And record dealers place fat orders for American records, knowing that they will get the full exploitation treatment from both the disc jockeys and record companies.

His own

Amazingly, Max Bygraves has pulled off the near-impossible. His recording of "You Need Hands"—sixth in our Hit Parade this week—is his own composition. It's enjoying the same fabulous success in the States.

So impressed are the smart American operators that they are already offering a \$5,000-dollar advance on the next Bygraves composition.

Max has done more than make a best-selling record. He has proved an important point. That a British artist can hit the jackpot both here and in the States, given the chance to record British material.

That Bygraves record is selling not because of high-pressure boosting—but simply because you, the public, liked it. And the moral? The back-room boys of the recording industry should never take public taste for granted.

"You Need Hands" is a simple, homely song—the type that British composers, by Tin Pan Alley tradition, excel at. So why, in the name of reason, don't the record companies take a chance on British material more often?

A snag

Biggest draw on Broadway currently is musical "The Music Man," written by Meredith Wilson.

Wilson was in Britain in May to plan London production for the show. Max Bygraves was to be the star—but there is a snag.

Val Parnell has offered to headline Max in a West End revue—an eight-month engagement. And Max also has four films to make by next Spring. So it looks as though "The Music Man" will be deferred.

Prediction

A coming event confidently predicted is that "A Very Precious Love" will be Doris Day's first big hit in two years. Song is the theme from the film "Marjorie Morningstar."

But another coming event has more significance in the "Day calendar." She is expecting a baby in November. Her only other child is 13-year-old son, Terry.

After the baby arrives, Doris will probably be starred in the Hollywood version of the British rags success, "Roo Like a Dove."

Enterprise

Congratulations to the boys of steam radio for enterprise. Producer Donald Maclean hit on the idea of re-creating the famous Bob Crosby Bobcats.

Bob agreed to front a British group—Ronnie Aldrich's Squadronaires—and the 15-minute session was recorded. It will take the air at in the Light Programme.

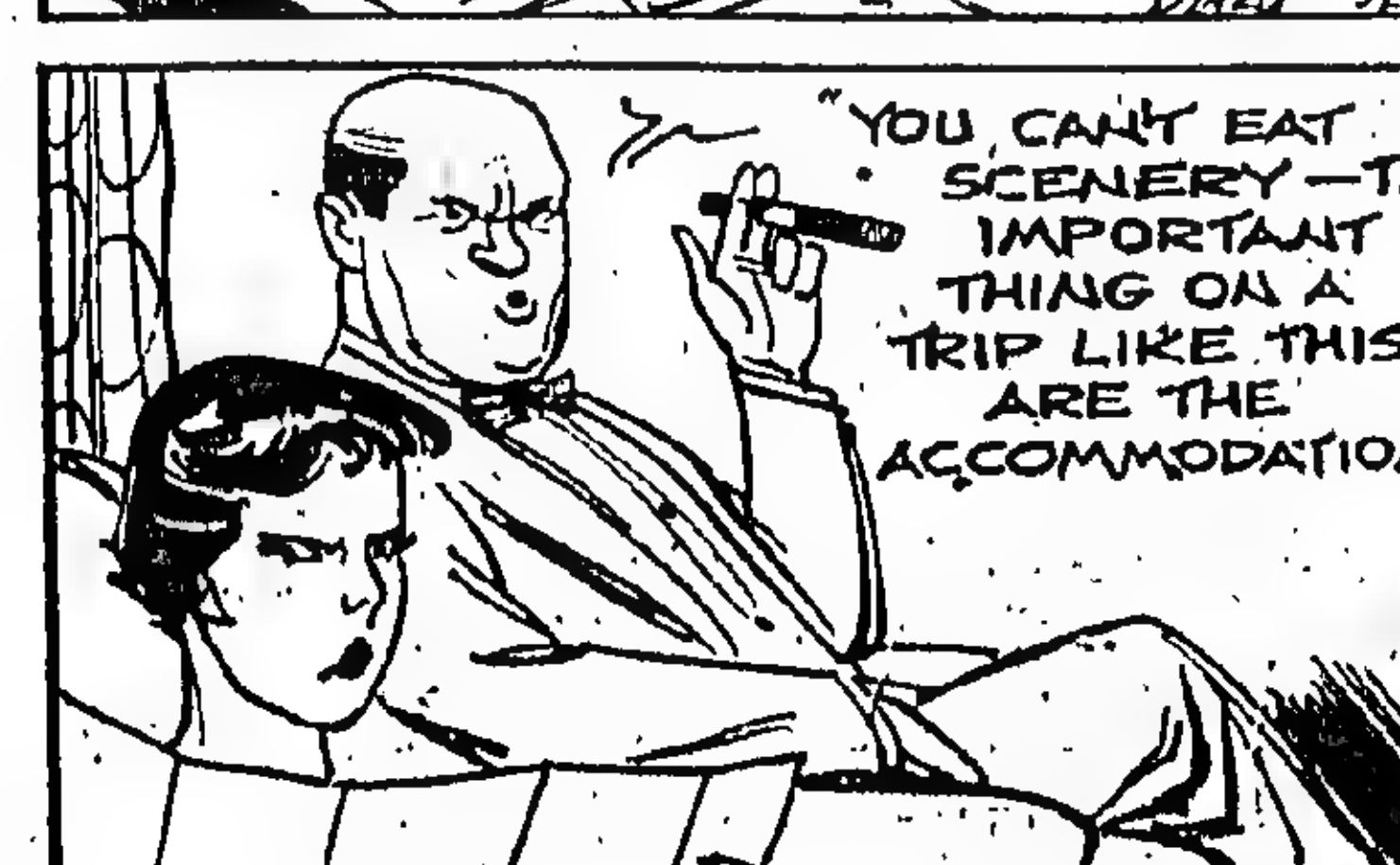
The old Bobcats, records are still remembered with affection and respect by jazz fans. Some of them might question the ability of a British band to recapture the old spirit. Not so Bob Crosby.

"Great," he enthused. "You know, Benny Goodman once listened to trumpeter Yank Lawson and cracked: 'How can he play the New Orleans style? He was born over 30 miles from the town.'"

"So you can guess how amazed I felt when I heard these British boys play the genuine stuff over 3,000 miles away."

FOOTNOTES: The Musicians' Union forbade Bob Crosby to conduct the session. "But," says Bob, "I just bobbed up and down in tempo. Do you think I broke my rules?"

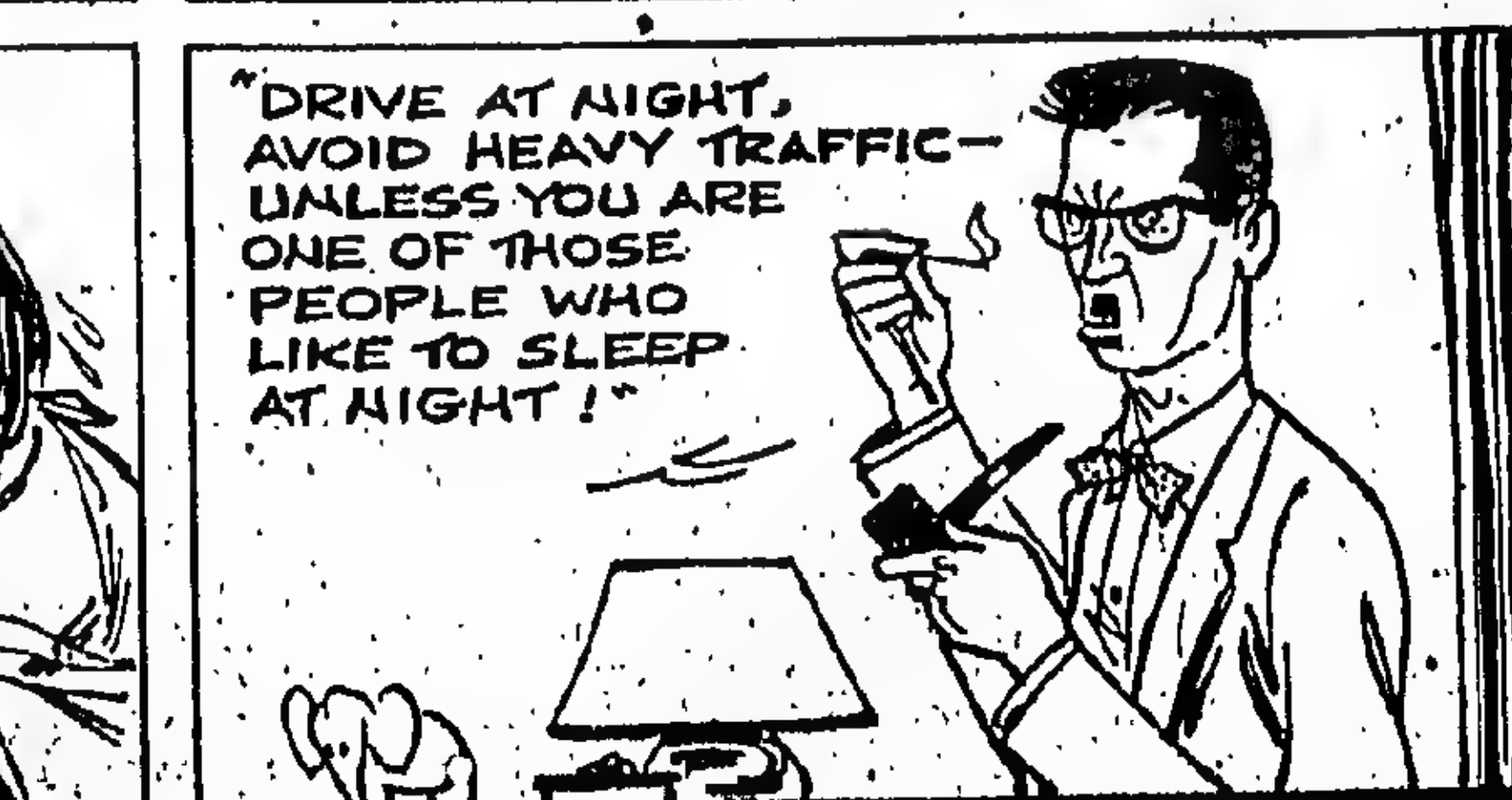
VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Mapping The Trip



By Harry Weinert



PATCHWORK... a programme of Drink, Song and Gillian Durling

PATCHWORK...a programme of Drink, Song and Gillian Durling

Alexandra House, Hong Kong.
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon.

Tel: 20527
Tel: 63019

☆ ☆ ☆

Alexandra House, Hong Kong.
Miramar Arcade, Kowloon.

Tel: 20527
Tel: 69019

★ ★ ★ FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

Skywriting Originated In England

HOW would you like to write messages a mile high with the entire sky as your slate or signboard?

To do so, you would need to use an aircraft equipped with special gadgets and a mixture of paraffin oils and chemicals for your ink.

This twentieth century version of Indian smoke signals started in England during World War I. Major Jack Savage of the Royal Air Force thought up the idea of sending code messages to groups of men cut off from communication.

The war ended before the idea was sufficiently developed, so Major Savage tried to find peacetime uses for it. One of the first was his appearance at the 1922 Derby when he thrilled the crowds by spelling out the words "Daily Mail" over their heads.

In the gathering was Captain Allan J. Cameron, an American aviator. Realizing the possibilities, he secured rights in the United States and upon returning to his homeland, immediately established the original Skywriting Corporation in New York City.

In the United States, some claim that the first mile-high letters were made in 1923 by Cyril Turner, a British war ace who wrote the memorable words, "Hello, U.S.A.—call Vanderbilt 7200." Because the many curious did, it was not long before American business firms were spending thousands of dollars in smoke-written advertisements.

Although World War II put a stop to such unnecessary use of planes, as soon as the lighting had ceased they were back at work.

Today sky messages are written by two ways.



The most familiar is the lone plane flying in loops, rolls and dives to form written letters. To be readable by sky gazers the letters are written upside down and backward.

More recently developed by the Skywriting Corporation is

skywriting—a system of using a group of seven planes to "type" out neat block letters as they fly in a straight parallel course across the sky.

The letters are formed by puffs of smoke made at set intervals by electronic controls on each of the planes. The entire operation is entirely automatic, being controlled by the middle plane.

★ ★ ★

When writing skytype messages, planes fly at 180 miles an hour, taking about five minutes to print a 21-letter message. Letters are one-half mile wide and one mile long. Such a message will spread 15 miles across the sky and be visible on a clear day 40 miles away.

For good results, the air at 10,000 to 15,000 feet must be nearly stationary and at best, there are only about two days out of seven that are good for the job.

WHITTLING TAKES PLANNING, PATIENCE AND PERSISTENCE

THOSE adorable little wooden animals and figures, so expensive in shops, are actually easy to make.

Anybody can whittle out a miniature of some kind. And with a bit of practice this art can be turned into a hobby that is both an outlet for creative expression and a means of adding to one's income.

An absolute necessity in whittling is a sharp knife and an obstinate to keep it sharp. A jackknife will do, or get a hobby knife with a detachable two-cutting edge.

Find a dry, straight-grained piece of pine, cedar or redwood and you are ready to start a new career.

HUNT UP an illustration in a magazine for a pattern. A dog is an easy one to start with.

Trace it off on tissue paper, then on the wood, taking care to run the sharp knife of the design with the straight grain of the wood.

Saw out with either a coping, jig or band saw.

Next, mark the centre, clamp in a vice, and make saw cuts between the legs and beside the tail thus making it easy to remove surplus wood.

★ ★ ★

If you have access to a small, safe power tool, it will save time and now. Rough off excess wood, working round and round to keep it in proportion. Turn the work often so that cuts are made against the grain to avoid splinters.

Don't make your dog too smooth, as the knife marks and angles add much to the charm of the carving.

The reason it is best to whittle a dog first is, regardless of what you do with your knife, the carving will still resemble some species of dog.



Anything in life is a whittling subject.



First rough out the figure, then shape it. Dogs are easy for the novice whittler.

YOU CAN GET patterns of little animals from children's story books, toys, figurines, advertisements and even from comic books.

When you have your figure shaped the way you want it, smooth it down with an emery

board or sandpaper. For small curves, wrap sandpaper around a pencil.

Spots are put on with a bit of walnut or mahogany stain applied with cotton on a match. Brown or oxidized shoe polish rubbed in with a rag saturated with turpentine makes a good final wax finish.

You can also use shellac, colourless nail polish or poster paint in finishing your little animals.

These little miniatures are interesting no matter what you do to them. Sometimes too-long ears, or a roughish eye makes a carving that is so outstanding that you wonder how you ever managed to do it.

CARVINGS OF MINATURE people are more difficult and should be made of cedar always.

After roughing out the silhouette, do the face, because if a slip of the knife takes off the nose, you have to start again.

You can copy a doll for proportion.

★ ★ ★

After shaping, the smaller of the little people are glued on blocks to give them more importance, and to keep them upright.

Aprons, clothing and hair are painted on with poster paint. Sequins make eyeglasses. Eyes can be made of vell pins. Clip off the pin and glue top to eye socket.

Map pins make good eyes for the larger, little people, and animals.

You need not be a grandfather or a boy to whittle. Everyone in the family can join in and you will be surprised what the "least of them" can do with a knife and a chunk of wood.

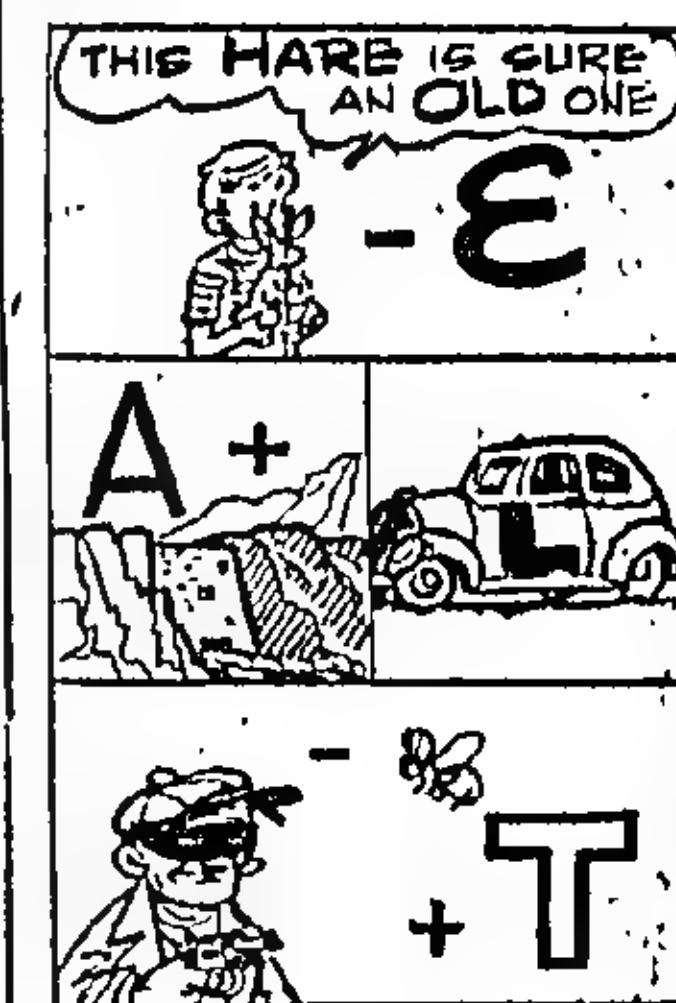
—GERTRUDE SPRINGER

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Fun With Boys:

BOY REBUS

You'll find four boys hidden in this rebus if you use the words and pictures to full advantage:



HOW MANY?

How many three- and four-letter words can you make from the name of RICHARD? Puzzle Pete can make eight of each.

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has placed Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a boy's head:



ACROSS

- 1 Boy's name
- 2 Girl's name
- 3 Groom
- 4 Italian city
- 5 Scottish sheepfolds

DOWN

- 1 Another boy's name
- 2 It has big antlers
- 3 Angry
- 4 Narrow roads

HIDDEN BOYS

Puzzle Pete has hidden three boys in these two sentences. One is very easy to find, but you may have to use parts of words for the others. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is a prominent actor. Jackson is the capital of Mississippi.

DIAMOND

CHARLES provides a centre for Puzzle Pete's word diamond. The second word is "a pronoun"; third "a stable compartment"; fifth "a girl's name" and sixth "a boy's nickname." Finish the diamond:

C
H
A
R
L
E
S

(Solutions on Page 20)

PAPER BLOW

Here's a good stunt to fool your friends. Put three small scraps of paper on your hand. Tell them you can blow off any one of the scraps of paper without disturbing the other two!

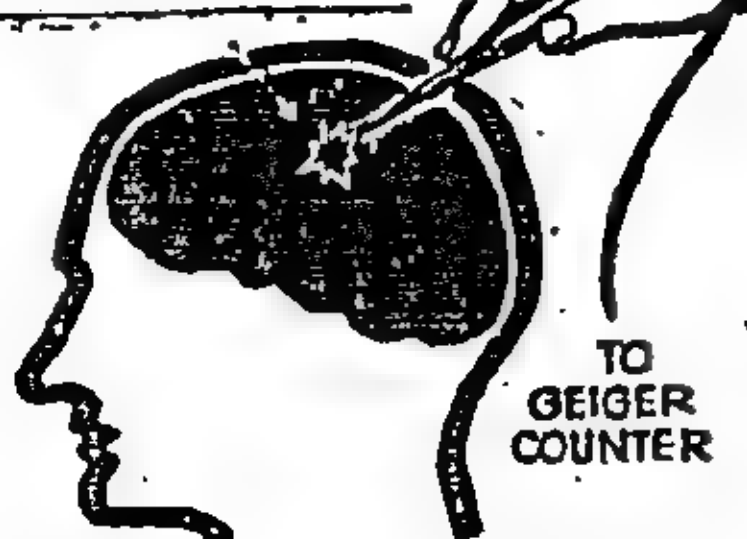
Now, quickly put your fingers on the other two and blow off the third scrap of paper!

Know Your Body

Doctors are using radioactive atoms to help trace down trouble inside the bodies of their ailing patients.

Different isotopes go to different spots when put into the body, enabling the doctor to locate what he is seeking.

RADIOACTIVE ATOMS IN BRAIN TUMOUR



EXAMPLE: RADIOACTIVE PHOSPHORUS, INJECTED IN PATIENT, LODGES IN BRAIN TUMOUR. DOCTOR, WITH SPECIAL GEIGER COUNTER, LOCATES TUMOUR. PRECISELY TO GUIDE SURGERY.

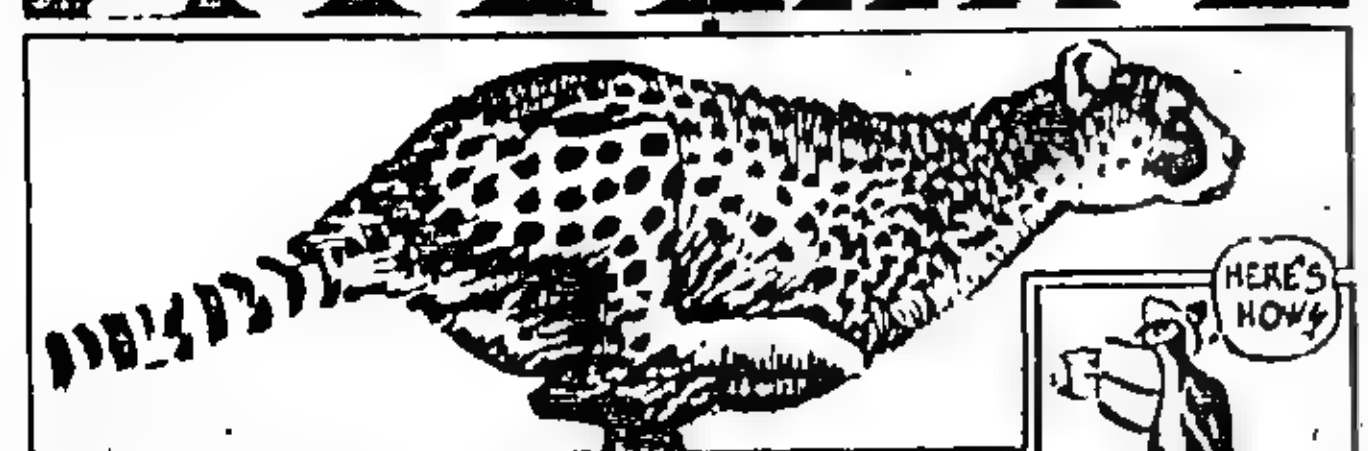
AN ARM HAS BEEN CRUSHED IN AN ACCIDENT. IT WON'T HAVE TO BE AMPUTATED IF BLOOD IS CIRCULATING THROUGH IT. HOW CAN THIS BE DETERMINED?



RADIOACTIVE SODIUM IN THE BLOOD STREAM ENABLES DOCTOR TO TRACE BLOOD, SEE IF IT FLOWS FREELY OR TO LOCATE ANY OBSTRUCTION.

BILL ARTER

400 MILES WHO



THE FASTEST MEMBER OF THE CAT FAMILY, THE CHEETAH HAS LONGER, AND THINNER LEGS THAN THOSE OF OTHER FELINE CREATURES. THEIR LONG TAILS ADD TO THEIR GRACE IN RUNNING AND ARE BELIEVED TO HELP THEM MAKE SHARP TURNS. CHEETAHS HAVE RUN 355 YARDS IN 15.66 SECONDS (55 MILES AN HOUR).

MICHIGAN SELLS MORE HUNTING AND FISHING LICENSES ANNUALLY THAN ANY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION...

Pets—WATER SUPPLY

IM sure you know that if you're supposed to drink six or eight glasses of water a day, but do you know how much water to give your pets?

CAT AND DOG: Always remember that a dog and cat get thirsty just like you and be sure to keep fresh, clean water where they can get it at all times. Wash their water dish every day to keep it spotlessly clean.

★ ★ ★

RABBIT: Put the water for bunny in a dish that is large and heavy so he can't tip it over. Rabbits require a great deal of water so be sure to fill the dish with fresh water every morning.

TURTLE: There's a variety of containers that you can use to hold the drinking water for a turtle—wide soup bowl, round metal pan, or an eight-inch clay flower pot. Place water container at one end of the turtle tank and arrange clean, coarse sand or gravel around it. The turtle will not drink the water, but will occasionally wade into the container to take a bath.

FISH: Water in a fish aquarium evaporates, so a small amount of fresh water should be added to the tank several times a week. A sudden dash of cold water can kill a fish, so always let the new water stand for several hours at room temperature before you pour it into the aquarium.



BIRD: Put fresh water in the bird bath and his drinking cup every day, and be sure to remove any seed husks that fall into the water.

HAMSTER: Although these little creatures get most of their water needs from the green vegetables they eat, they should also have access to fresh water at all times. Keep this water in a special bottle that you may purchase at a pet shop.

★ ★ ★

GUINEA PIG: A glass "cushion" pig, fastened with a wire ring to the cage of this pet makes a splendid non-spillable water container. Fill it with fresh water every day.

—ERMA REYNOLDS

Letters Received:—

I am 11 years old. I like to sing, dance, read, and write letters. My hobbies are sewing, planting flowers, and collecting cereal cobs.
Kathleen Rosemary Chickas
816 Huron Street
Akron 7, Ohio.

I would like a pen pal between the ages of 8 and 12.
Cathy Murphy
700 East Euclid Ave.
Milwaukee 7, Wis.
Age 11.

I am 11 years old. My hobby is collecting post cards.
Joyce Fitzgerald
24 Mt. Vernon Street
Lawrence, Massachusetts
Age 11.

I like to collect things, especially odd bottles.
Margaret Freeling
2014-12th St.
Racine, Wis.

I am 12 years old and would like pen pals from anywhere.
Linda Young
325 Sub-Station St.
Hendersonville, S. C.
U.S.A.

My hobbies are collecting salt and pepper shakers and post cards. I am 14 years old.
Virginia Bielew
5221 Spring St.
Racine, Wis.

I am 12 years old. My hobby is collecting pen pals and stamp collecting. I am 14 years old.
Jane Jorgensen
730 Kentucky St.
Racine, Wis.

Rupert and the Jackdaw—35



Back in the office the Constable still looks very glum. "It seems that the first part of the little bear's story is true, Ma'am," he says. "No, I believe, we must believe the rest of it. But what he did was very naughty so I hope you will make an example of him." Oh, no, please, we only

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

BRAIN TEASERS TO TRY

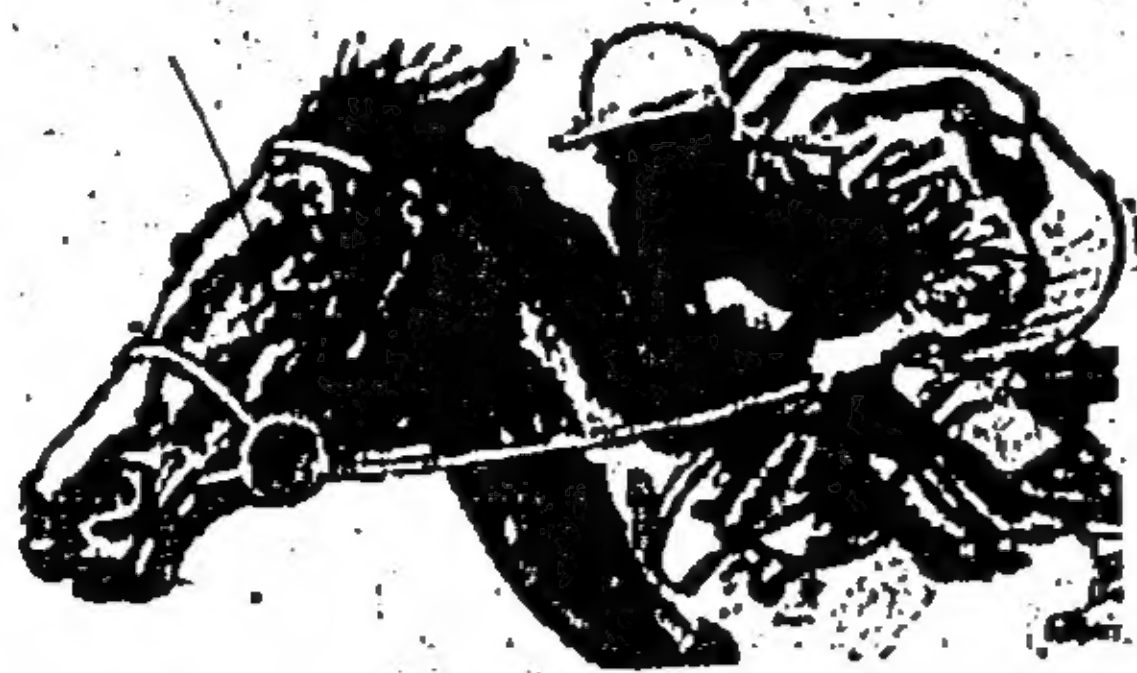
YOU WILL HAVE TO DIG for these answers. They are about people, places and things from beneath the earth's surface.

1. A fabbed subterranean race of beings who are said to be guardians of mines and quarries, are known as a. leprechauns b. brownies c. gnomes
2. Kentucky boasts a large cave with many subterranean chambers. It is known as a. Colossus Cave b. Mammoth Cave c. Gigantic Cave
3. The famous Carlsbad Caverns are found beneath the state of a. Nevada b. Arizona c. New Mexico
4. Which of these three biblical characters took refuge in the Cave of Adullam? a. David b. Adam c. Moses
5. A colliery is a mine where the material usually dug for is a. Copper b. Gold c. Coal
6. The Comstock Lode was discovered in 1859 and brought fame to a. Virginia City, Nev. b. Virginia City, Mont. c. Silver City, N.M.
7. The formations hanging from the roof of a cave are called a. stalactites b. stalagmites c. autoliths
8. The only diamond mine in the United States is located in a. Texas b. California c. Arkansas
9. The subterranean galleries for the burial of the Roman dead were known as a. catafalques b. catacombs c. catapas
10. The bride of Pluto, the mythological god of the underworld, was a. Proserpine b. Diana c. Vesta

ANSWERS

Fixing a Race: How it's done...

by Rae Johnstone



The China Mail Presents Serial Version Of The Most Sought After Racing Story Of Recent Times

THE CHINA MAIL has secured the hottest book to come out of racing—the Rae Johnstone Story, in which this top Classics jockey tells for the first time the real facts behind a career millions have followed. He is honest—brutally honest—about the big temptations which come the way of the jockey... and which he fell to. Johnstone is now describing his beginnings as a young jockey on the fringe of fame in Australia:—

SMALL country meetings in Australia still represent the most important local attraction. Though naturally they do not attract the best horses or jockeys. I had been getting along very nicely lately at the principal meetings such as Randwick, which, under the Australian Jockey Club, had by then become one of the world's great racing centres.

But my personal financial situation was far from healthy.

I was "big" enough, I thought, to be beyond the jurisdiction of the stewards at a smallish meeting. I'd got some punting money.

So when a friend suggested we charter a three-seater and head north the three hundred-odd flying miles to Armidale, north-east of the Liverpool Plains, and exploit my talents at a two-day meet, I was "on."

THE TRUTH

The first day's racing left the pair of us with a credit deficiency with a certain bookmaker which, positively, could not be met.

Something just had to be done on the following afternoon. Something and somebody.

Well, I said I would tell the truth. And this is it. There had been a race on this first day, a Wednesday, in which the result had "read": Sallden (carrying 7st. 9lb.), 1; Eatons Pride (7.3), 2; Our Rep (9.9), 3.

Up to that race Our Rep's form figures had read 1, 1, 1. We sat up most of the night, my friend and I, going through the "papers" of every Thursday runner. Our Rep was to meet Sallden on a stone better terms the next day and I was to ride him. He would surely have a big following.

I had already been convicted for "robbing" a horse that I did not stop and it had been widely, and incorrectly, assumed that there had been other instances. I would show them that I could stop one all right.

The race was the Flying Handicap, run over six furlongs and from this you will appreciate that the meeting was not of the highest calibre—the first prize was £20; second £5.

All past running indicated without any shadow of doubt that there was a confirmed

front-runner in the Flying Handicap. One who could be relied upon to go from the start. This was the one for me.

I told my pal to go to the bookmaker whose account looked like proving such a source of embarrassment when it came up for settling at the end of the meeting and tell him that he could "go down the book" with Our Rep. He could fill a volume with bets on mine.

I would not win.

But the horse we decided should win has only a quarter of a mile to travel when he begins to die in his travels—out to the wide. And the rest of us realize that the only way we can avoid taking an active part in the contest is to dismount and start a card game. This being an impracticable solution there is only one thing to do about it, I figure, and that is to get on with it. So I slip past my money well inside the last furlong and then get caught in the last stride myself. The result—Benzol (8st. 3lb.) first; Our Rep (9.9) second; Sallden (8.9) third.

But there was an investigation. And the stewards reached the proper conclusion. I had been solely responsible for organising the whole disorganised affair.

I was out once again... on my neck for two years.

This latest well-earned suspension meant that I was not permitted to enter a racecourse, or, worse still from my point of view, work in stables.

I resolved to keep as fit as possible; did plenty of swimming; acquired a hack; re-created in my mind every race I had ridden; contemplated what I might have done to achieve better results; carefully studied the films of all the prin-

THE RAE JOHNSTONE STORY will be published later this year by Stanley Paul and Co., Ltd.

granted a remission, so to speak, in that I was permitted to ride work again, and the ban on attending meetings was lifted. By the beginning of 1930 I was back as a jockey.

Johnstone rode in India. When he moved on to England in 1937, he had £10,000 in the bank. Most of this vanished in betting losses. Then he was refused a permit to ride in England.

"Officially no reasons are furnished when a request for a licence is turned down. Indirect inquiries I made elicited the news that it was simply a case of no further licences being issued at this time. But it seemed to me slightly more probable that the Johnstone Australian crime sheet was going to take a little living down. I'll say it was."

On, then, to Paris, where he quickly got a retainer as jockey to the Wertheimer brothers. He still gambled:—

"It may seem strange, but it is true, that despite a fairly

regular flow of winners I was still invariably putting in the wrong direction. Twice, in fact, during the season I got won by the last stride or so to beat my own money by the narrowest margin!"

From a later period in the Johnstone saga he tells a story that pinpoints this:—

This is how it started. There was a fair sort of handicap named Republique, a three-year-old, in Swann's yard. The only snag about her—she wasn't too dependable.

CERTAINTY

We worked her one morning with a two-year-old in the yard belonging to American film executive "Laudie" Lawrence. This two-year-old named Legend of France did not just go with her. He slammed her effortlessly. No trouble at all. The way he did it made it obvious that the mare had done nothing. She was like that.

Baron Nexon who managed M. Wertheimer's horses watched their work with Albert Swann. It was agreed that the gallop must have been hopelessly false. Agreed also that to accept that performance, and back the two-year-old first time out, would be absurd. He must have a run in public, which he did on October 14, 1937.

The race was fifth on the card at Longchamp and I had no ride in either of the first four. There was a certainty in the first named Khorassan—bred by Baron Maurice de Rothschild. It was a three-year-old "seller."

I walked by my bookmaker, (strictly illegal operators in France), indicated I wanted the equivalent of £50 on, and walked on up to the jockeys' stand. Nothing was ever written down.



The boy jockey in Australia... a 1920 picture from Johnstone's own album

In fact he might not even look up as the punter indicated the horse and the sum.

The animal trotted up at 7-4 and, as intended, I played it up on the next, a "lay down" at a lay down's price, when the two Rothschild runners in the four horse Prix Jouvence were coupled at 8-1 on.

The books could not lose a fortune with their odds governed by the machine returns, since the second favourite was just under 7-2 and the outsider 17-2.

Anyway the Rothschild pair finished one two. So I played it up on one of Willie Head's in fourth on the card (how I came to miss betting on the third, I just can't remember) and saw it dead-heat at 12-1.

The next was Legend of France's heat. And I had made a good few inquiries in the weighing-room as well as some preliminary study.

"The lot" on Foxglove plus an extra £50," I muttered before going to the scale.

GOOD BREAK

There were 13 runners in this one-mile Prix d'Automne. Foxglove had run a nice race fourth, with three previous winners behind him, at Le Tremblay, just under three weeks before. Now, at Longchamp, he looked as though the race had brought him on. I noted with satisfaction that he got a good break, took in behind a couple, and raced nicely in his action to the turn.

There Semblat pulled him out, coasted to the front, and went for the line. There was only one possible danger, bar a fall, and that was me.

I shook my whip at Legend of France. He put his head down and ran on like a good one, straight as a gun-barrel, getting up to win a length. His price 13-11. Nor, I may tell you, was this an isolated instance of Johnstone robbing Johnstone.

NEXT WEEK:

How I was offered £10,000 to lose the Derby

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Partner Wants Chance To Err

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH's one spade overall was a calculated risk. He knew that if everyone passed he would quite likely be missing a game, but he was sure that had fate would not overtake him. When West and North passed he commenced to worry a little but East had the stuff to reopen. East did not know about the dynamite to his left.

South's two spade bid was a continuation of his position and the subsequent bidding including West's double of the five spade bid was quite normal.

West opened the four of clubs and all South had to do to make his contract was to draw trumps.

NORTH		31
♠ A855		
♥ 7		
♦ 862		
♣ Q75		
WEST		EAST (D)
♠ 5	♠ A4	
♥ J9643	♥ A Q 105	
♦ A53	♦ J	
♣ J804	♣ A K 10932	
SOUTH		
♠ K Q J 1072		
♥ K2		
♦ K Q 1074		
♣ None		
Both vulnerable		
East	South	West North
1♠	1♠	Pass Pass
2♥	2♥	4♥ 4♠
Pass	Pass	5♣ Pass
Pass	Pass	5♦ Double Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—4♣		

and lose one heart and one diamond.

The hand produced a considerable post-mortem. West pointed out that East could have passed the hand out at one spade, or could have taken a mere one trick set at six clubs. East admitted all this but pointed out that the hand would have been beaten if West had opened a heart instead of a club.

West suggested that even if he had opened a heart East might not have been brilliant enough to lead back his singleton diamond and the hand was just fated to make.

East finally got in the last word. He said, "Next time give me the chance. Then if I go wrong the fault will be mine."

CARD SENSE

Q—The bidding has been:
East—South—West—North
1♠—Double—Pass—2♥
Pass—2♠—Pass—4♠
Pass—5♣—Pass—5♦
Pass—

You, South, hold:
♠AQ1085 ♥K54 ♦AJ87 ♣K
What do you do?
A—Pass. You have made your slam try and partner has refused to accept.

TODAY'S QUESTION
You hold the same hand. Your partner bids one spade in response to your double of one club. What do you do now?
Answer on Monday

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Don't worry! Your mother probably is eating candy and sodas and running to shows like mad—she's so glad to get you out of her hair!"

The secret of UNIVERSAL energy is the movement

The efficiency of the new MICROTOR movement is so marked an improvement that it is the world's smallest automatic watch rotor, builds up to two days' power reserve.

Developed in our research laboratories and exclusively Universal's, the MICROTOR movement is the greatest technical advance in self-winding watches in 30 years. For robustness, style and above all accuracy—the new Universal POLEROUTER is the watch of the future.

Timing every SAS flight, the POLEROUTER has proved itself over the pole and around the world.

MICROTOR is what makes the famous "POLEROUTER," tick

Polerouter features:

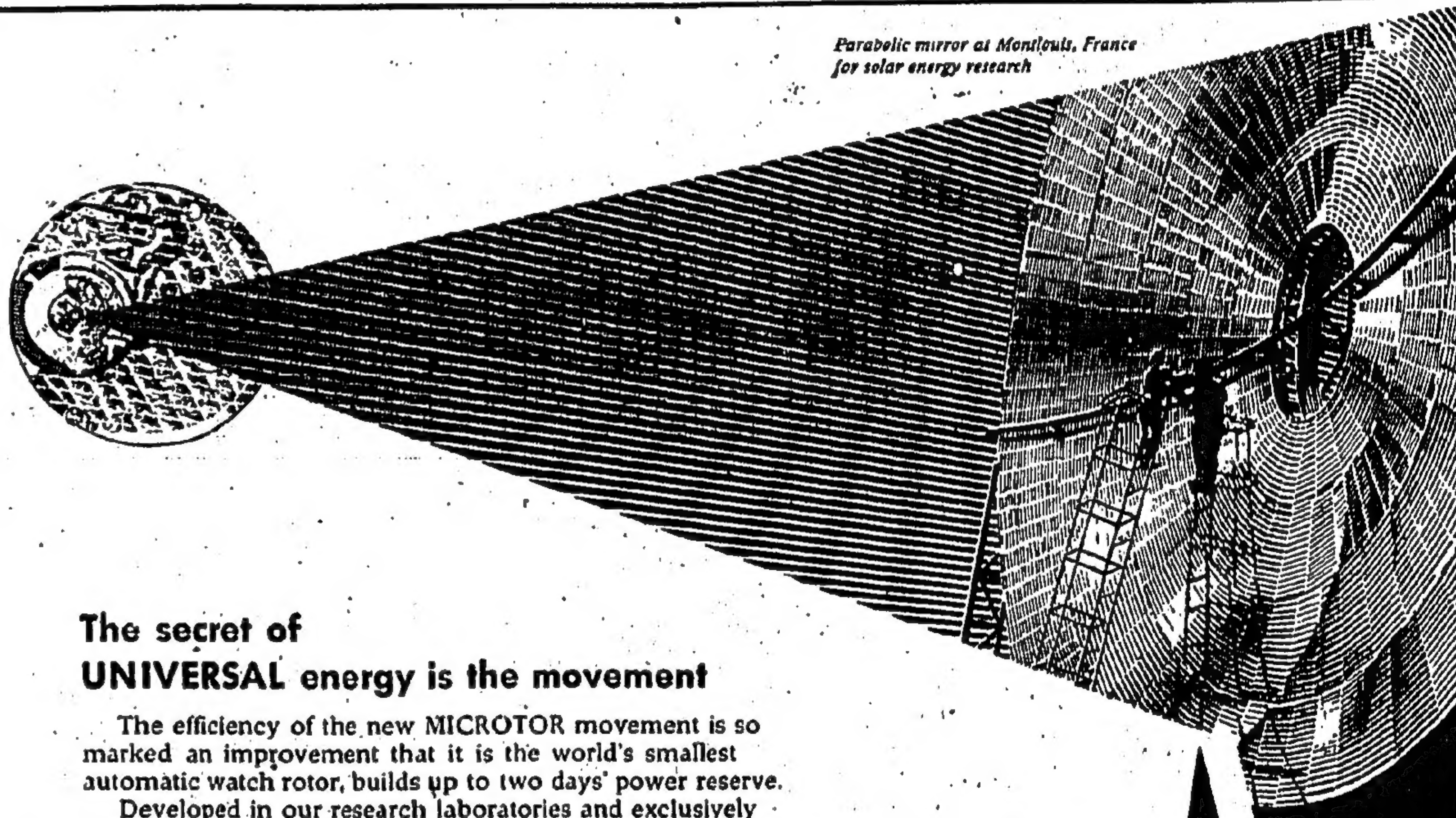
- 100% Automatic Movement MICROTOR
- 28 jewels
- Tested waterproof case
- Antimagnetic alloys
- Up to two days' reserve power
- Resistance to shocks
- Thin, handsome styling

available in three models:
stainless steel
steel gold cover 300 microns
18 kt. gold

Authorized Dealers:
Artland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.
Roue D'Or Watch Co., 55 Queen's Road, C.
Tat Sang Watch Co., 184 Des Voeux Road, C.
Budson Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.
Sui Wah Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.
Sennet Freres, 8 Paddar Street.
Lam Yuen Fung Watch Co., 176 Des Voeux Road, C.
Kung Brothers & Co. Ltd., Miramar Arcade, Nathan Rd.
La Suisse Watch Co., Shows Building,
James Cox, Champagne Court, Kimberley Road.
Mohan's Ltd., 14, Hankow Road & Kai Tak Airport.

UNIVERSAL GENEVE

Parabolic mirror at Montolieu, France for solar energy research



ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF OUR SERIES

Drama On The Centre Court

Histories Of The Clubs
FOURTH OLDEST CLUB
IN THE LEAGUESheffield Wednesday Have Won
The Cup Three Times

By TIM GORDON

Sheffield Wednesday has been called the yo-yo club of modern football because it has been up and down between the first division and the second so often since the war.

Throughout the years, Wednesday supporters have become accustomed to this fluctuating existence. For the club has either ridden high or slumped. But it has never faltered in its aim to develop or buy the best football talent.

Sheffield is a city famed for cricketers and stockworkers. Even today when Yorkshire play county cricket matches at Bramall Lane, they attract the biggest crowd in the county.

So perhaps it is not so surprising after all that Sheffield Wednesday, the world-famous football club, was formed as a hobby by a group of Victorian cricketers back in 1866.

These chaps, in their white flannels and mutton-chop whiskers, thrilled to the coverdive and square-cut. Their problem? To keep their cricketers together so that other clubs did not poach them.

The solution? To form a football club where they could keep an eye on their cricketing talent so that some other over-zealous teams did not sign their best players.

Outlived Others

At that time Sheffield had a dozen other soccer clubs. It was just one of those strange remanences of sport that the team founded by cricketers would have outlived the others. These Wednesday cricketers became Sheffield Wednesday Football Club.

Where was it better to hold their sporting meetings than at Bramall Lane, the ground where county cricket is still played? It is now the home of the city's other famous football club, Sheffield United, formed 23 years after the Wednesday.

In fact the Sheffield Wednesday club has had to move its headquarters three times. From Bramall Lane it moved to Olive Grove in 1897. And in 1899 it moved again to the present ground, Hillsborough.

The Victorian cricketers who formed the club would be wide-eyed with wonder if they could see the present headquarters. A bus from the city centre whistles you to the ground, past smoky steel foundries and cutlery firms until you arrive at an oasis of green. This is Hillsborough, one of the finest grounds in England.

Showmanship Flour

Eric Taylor, the present manager, is a dapper little man who runs the club with a flair for showmanship and the precision of a Guards regiment. The glass-pannelled offices resemble some plush luxury hotel. Outside the ground six towers rear skywards for over 100 feet, topped by floodlights which are considered Britain's finest.

On match days the club arranges for its own film cameramen to take cine shots of

all home matches, so that the players in mid-week can study the game in detail and note the mistakes they made during the match.

Magnificent dressing-room accommodation and treatment rooms which look like miniature surgeries are all part of Hillsborough. All this became possible because a group of sportsmen decided to take up soccer to further the interests of cricket!

It has been a rocky road for the club. It was refused admission to the League in 1888, but was admitted four years later. In the early part of 1899 it was relegated to Division II, and ousted from its headquarters at Olive Grove.

In September 1899 a new ground, known as Hillsborough, but in fact situated in a part of Sheffield known as Owlerton, was opened. It is the abbreviation of that name which has given the Wednesday its nickname, "The Owls". It has nothing at all to do with the club having an owl for a mascot.

Wednesday's greatest years were in the late 1920's, just before mighty Arsenal reigned supreme. The Sheffield team's rise is one of the most fantastic on record.

Relegation Loomed

Towards the end of the 1927-28 season the club looked certain to be relegated to the second division. With ten matches to play it was bottom of the first division, six points below the twenty-first club in the first division. Wednesday's League record in mid-March was P32, W9, D10, L16, for a total of 22 points.

From Tottenham Hotspur the Wednesday had signed Jimmy Seed—later to earn even greater fame as Charlton Athletic manager—although Seed was considered past his best.

With Seed, Wednesday picked up 17 points from the last ten matches with a fantastic run that earned the record of P10, W7, D3, L0, 17 points. On the last day of that season, clubs were concerned with the relegation issue, and Spurs who had finished their programme the previous week with 38 points, went on a tour of Holland.

It was while they were in Holland, that Spurs heard they had been relegated with Middlesbrough. Wednesday went on to win two consecutive League Championships in seasons 1928-29 and 1929-30.

The club thus equalled its performances of 1902-03 and 1903-04, when it won a League title in consecutive seasons.

It was in the late 1920's and 1930 that Wednesday had its great half-back line of Strange, Leach and Marsden. That was the era of Eric Blenkinsop, one of England's best-ever left-backs. In these years Wednesday had great inside-forwards of the calibre of Ronnie Stirling and Jackie Robinson, and other great players like Catlin and Niblock.

These fine footballers made Wednesday, for a time, the greatest rivals to Arsenal in the early part of 1930. It was supremacy. In 1935 Wednesday won the Cup for the third time, having previously won it in 1898 and 1907—with famed wingers Hooper and Rimmer playing a big part in the 1935 Wembley victory.

Chequered Career

Since then Wednesday has had a chequered career. In fact, just after World War II, it was in danger of sliding into the third division.

The club paid big money to buy stars. Among them were players like Eddie Quigley (later sold for £23,500 to Preston), Jackie Sewell, whom it bought for £24,800 from Notts County, and Eddie Kilshaw, for whom it paid £20,000 to Bury.

But the man who outshone even these players was a local Sheffield boy who cost Wednesday nothing—Derek Dooley. This flame-haired centre-forward with the size 12 boots, shattered the club's scoring record with 46 goals, and shot the club into Division I again in 1952.

Wherever Dooley went, he was a personality. Feared by the opponents for his strength and deadly rushes for goal.

Then tragedy struck Derek Dooley at Preston. He broke his leg, gangrene set in, and his career, ended on the operating table when his leg was amputated.

The fighting spirit of Dooley lives on with his team-mates. Although relegated yet again in 1954-55, Wednesday won back at the first attempt. Now the club is back in the first division, with chaps like Albert Quigley (nicknamed "Shorty-pants", because he wears blinkin'-style shorts) and Alan Finney, his right-wing partner, two of England's bright young hopes.

Sheffield Wednesday has come a long way since its first players met in the cricket pavilion of Bramall Lane way back in 1866.

WIMBLEDON FINAL
DECIDED IN
EIGHT MINUTES

By JOHN COTTRELL

It was the most one-sided men's final in Wimbledon history. The score was 6-1, 6-1, 6-0. The loser was so completely overwhelmed that he asked the umpire to apologise to the crowd on his behalf.

Yet, in its way, that match was as dramatic as any five-set duel on the famous Centre Court. For never before had a match promised so much and given so little; never had a close-fought struggle changed so suddenly into a complete landslide.

The players were Frederick John Perry, ranked Number One in the world, and Baron Gottfried von Cramm, the new champion of France. At Wimbledon that year they were seeded first and second respectively.

All the signs pointed to an exhibition of classic tennis by the two acknowledged masters in the game. Perry almost at becoming the first man of the twentieth century to win the Wimbledon title three years in succession. Von Cramm was nothing to average his defeat by Perry in the previous year's final—6-2, 6-4, 6-4.

See-Saw Battle

Moreover, Perry had von Cramm had recently met in the French final, when in a magnificent see-saw battle the German emerged the winner—6-2, 2-6, 6-2, 6-0.

So the Centre Court was packed to capacity for this final in July, 1936. They came to see the great Perry who was making his last appearance at Wimbledon before turning professional. They came to see the suave, immaculate von Cramm, the "first gentleman" of the game. Above all, they came to see sparkling tennis.

The first game did not disappoint them. It was champagne tennis, with all the strokes brought into play, and beautifully executed. The finalists fought for each point as if the match depended on it. Time and time again, shots placed with still full precision brought us white dust from the chalk lines.

Perry was scribbling, yet eight minutes, ten deuces, and three advantages to von Cramm passed before he settled the opening game.

Waited In Vain

Rarely had there been such an exciting first game in a final. This was sparring with the gloves off, and with the preliminaries over the crowd were on edge for more great things to come. They waited in vain.

That first game was virtually the last as far as von Cramm was concerned. A few seconds later, the blond, athletic Hannoverian was crippled by a pulled thigh muscle. From then on he was fighting not to win, but to stay in the match.

Von Cramm had tried to do too much too soon. Early in the second game he had damaged his leg by putting all he had into his cannonball service. After that every shot brought jabbing pain as he hobbled about the court.

At one time Perry asked "if he was fit to continue. But von Cramm waved to him to play on. His one aim was to give the crowd some value, however small, for their money.

This final was no longer a contest. It was murder. But the crowd cheered as if it were magic. They were bidding farewell to one of Wimbledon's most gallant losers.

Perry's victory climaxed one of the most sensational success stories in sporting history: the story of a wiry lad from a working-class family, who became the world's best in two sports before the age of 25.

Fred was the son of Sam Perry, a trade unionist and Member of Parliament. He became world table-tennis champion in 1929. And the following year, lawn tennis officials asked him to concentrate full-time on tennis for a twelve-month "trial" period.

At a time of rapidly increasing unemployment, Sam Perry was reluctant to give his son one week's leave from work. But he finally agreed and his decision opened a golden age for British tennis.

The Cheshire Cat

In four years, Fred became the world's Number One. He became the first Englishman for a quarter of a century to win the Wimbledon title. He won thirty-five out of thirty-nine Davis Cup singles matches.

"The Cheshire Cat"—he was so called because he always had a cat's head embroidered on his shirt—went on to become a professional tennis player, film star, big business man and an American citizen. He now lives in elegant style in sunny Florida.

Fred Perry won three successive Wimbledon singles finals—all in straight sets. Von Cramm lost three successive Wimbledon singles finals—all in straight sets. After his two defeats by Perry, he fell in the 1937 final to Californian Donald Budge—6-3, 6-4, 6-2.

Magnificent Loser

No man was ever magnificent in defeat. Von Cramm became known as the greatest player who never won Wimbledon.

Answers To
Sports Quiz

1. Welterweight.
2. Carmen Basilio.
3. The Brazilian soccer team.
4. Buddy Baer.
5. Belzian, American, American.
6. Mervyn Wood, Thelma Hopkins, Murray Rose, Tom Courtney.
7. True—7 ft. 0½ in. by Charles Dumas.
8. 220 yards in 20 sec.
9. Len Hutton.
10. Pat Smythe. The prince is Prince Hal.

THIS is the Gin



Quality Incomparable

Gordon's
Stands Supreme

Sole Distributors: DODWELL & COMPANY LIMITED

KAISER

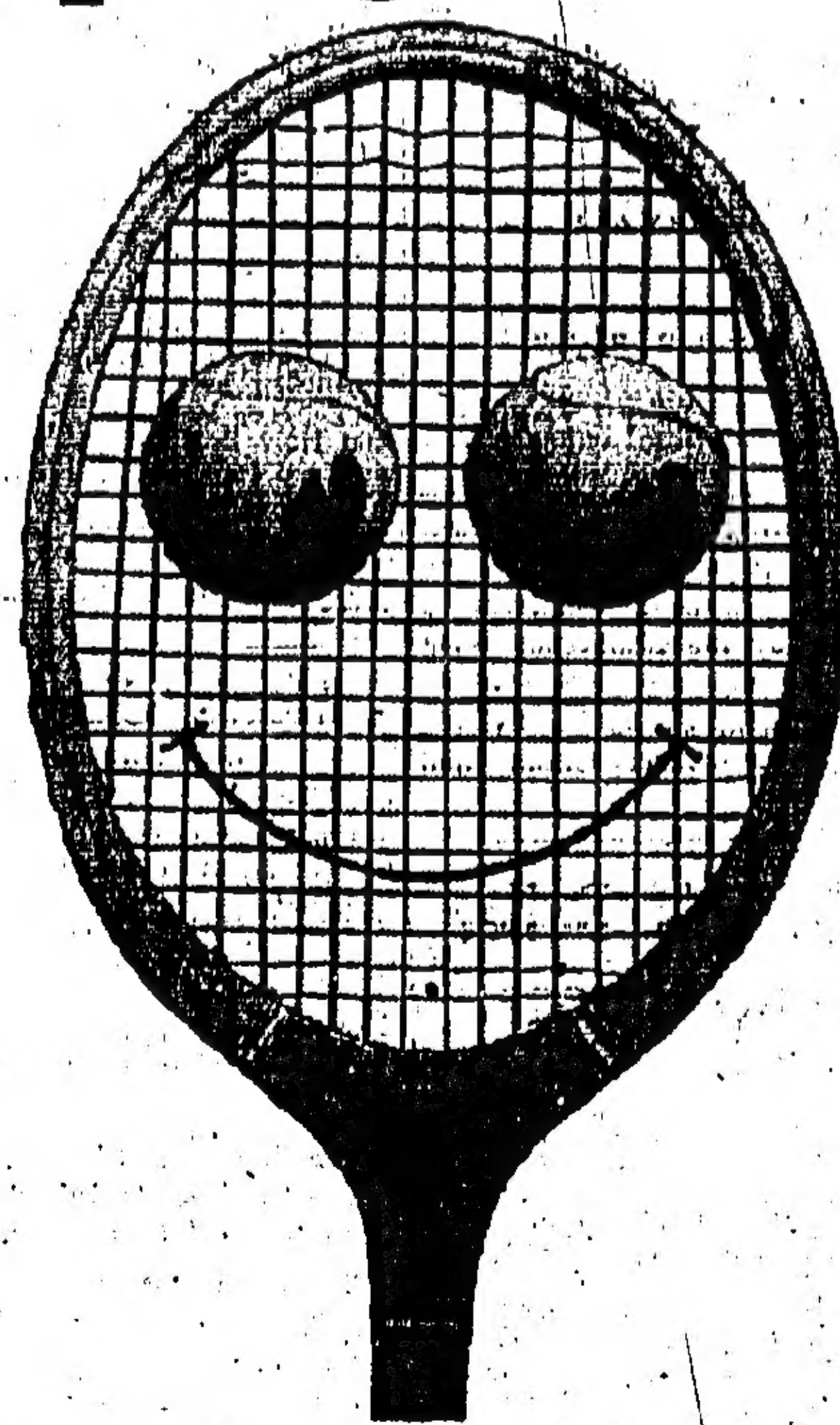
RESTAURANT & COCKTAIL LOUNGE

Famous European, American, French,
& Russian Cuisine.BREAKFAST, COFFEE, LUNCH, TEA
AND DINNER.CONFECTIONS & CAKES
With the grandest decoration
and
most comfortable accommodations.

BUSINESS HOURS: 7 a.m.—1 a.m.

21A-21B Granville Rd., Rongelap, Tel: 89525; 81811
(Corner of Carnarvon & Granville Roads)

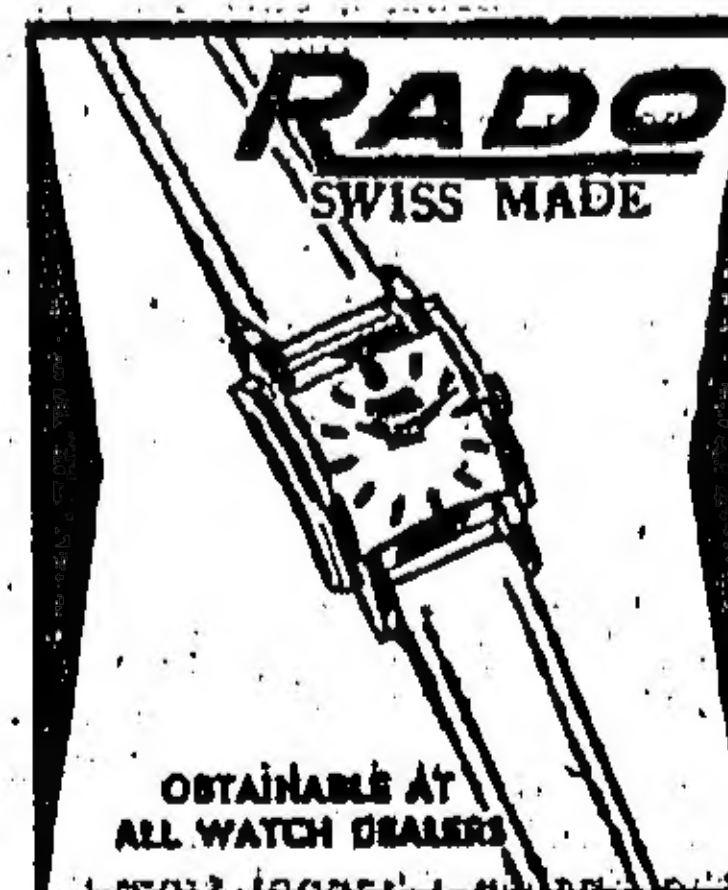
play it cool!



"fresh up" with SEVEN-UP

THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



GAS FOR JOY

